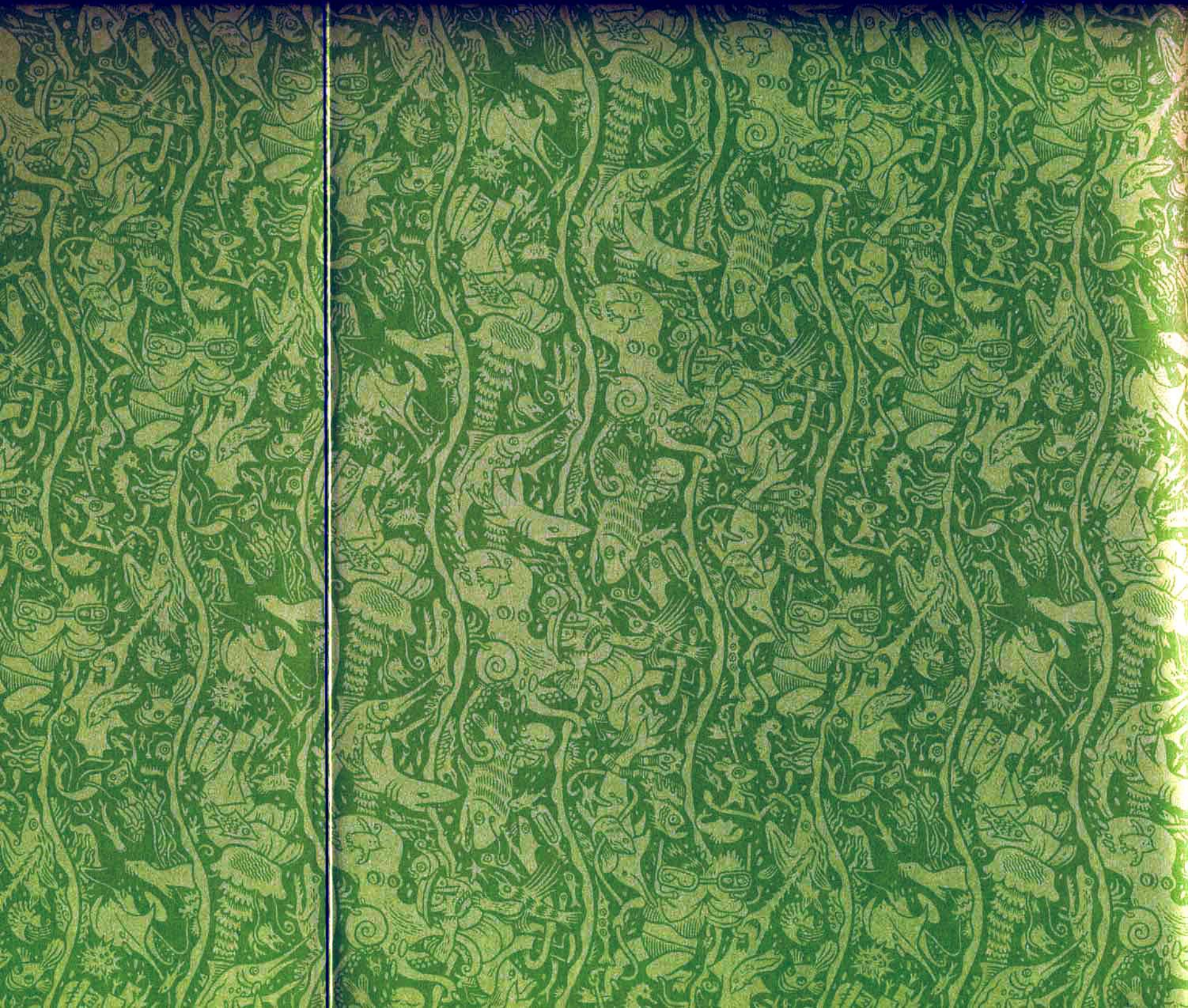


Goodbye,
Chunky Rice

HARVEY
award winner





Goodbye, Chunky Rice

Craig Thompson
Top Shelf Productions
Marietta, Georgia







4th PRINTING

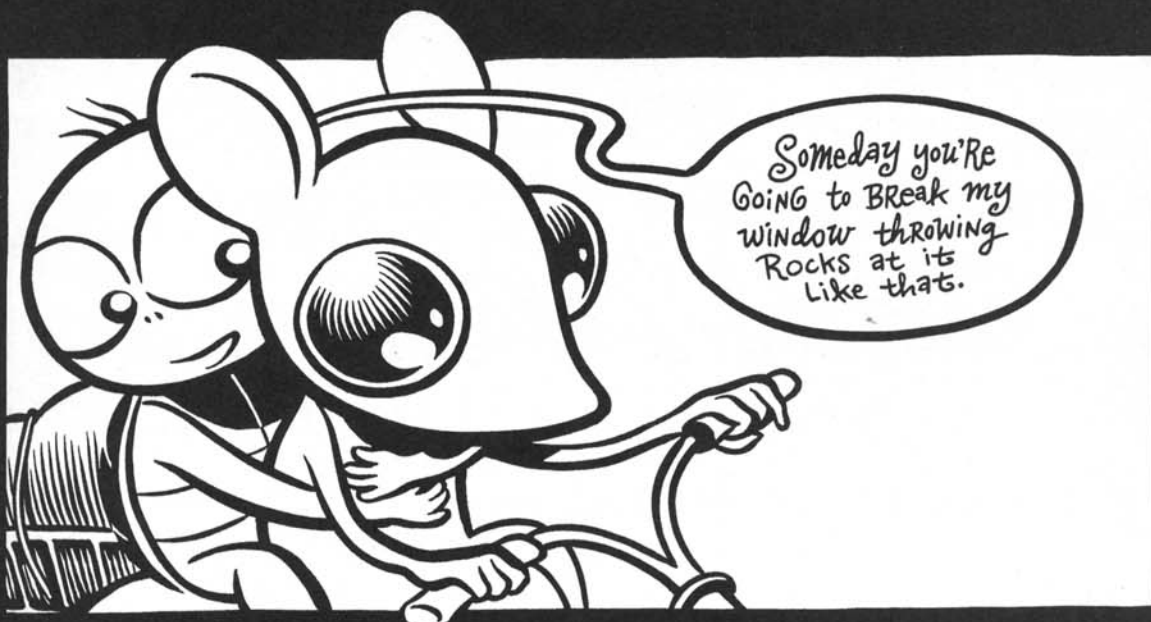
GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE, May of 2003. Fourth Printing. © Copyright 2003, 2002, 2001, 1999, CRAIG THOMPSON. Edited by CHRIS STAROS. Published by TOP SHELF PRODUCTIONS INC., Brett Warnock and Chris Staros, PO Box 1282, Marietta, GA 30061-1282. TOP SHELF PRODUCTIONS INC. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. No part of this book may be reproduced without permission, except small excerpts for purposes of review. Write for a free catalog or visit <www.topshelfcomix.com> THOMPSON, CRAIG. GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE / CRAIG THOMPSON. ISBN 1-891830-09-0 1, GRAPHIC NOVELS. 2, CARTOONS. Printed in Canada

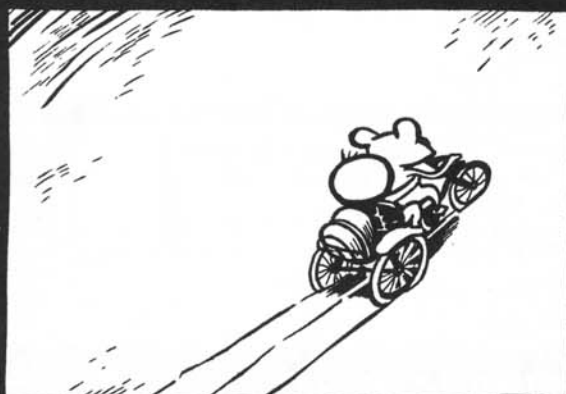
*This book is dedicated
to all of my friends
in Milwaukee, WI.*

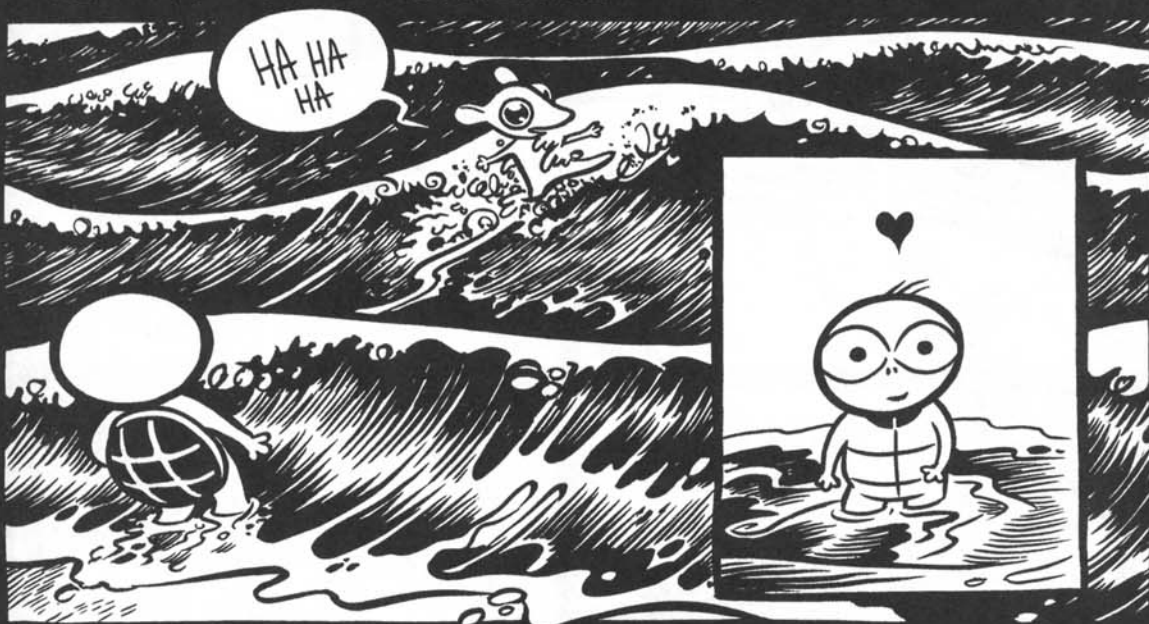


CLUNK



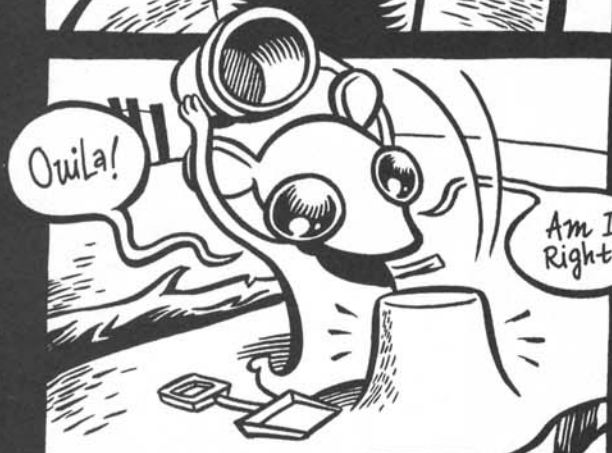








...and needs to be transplanted in order to keep growing.

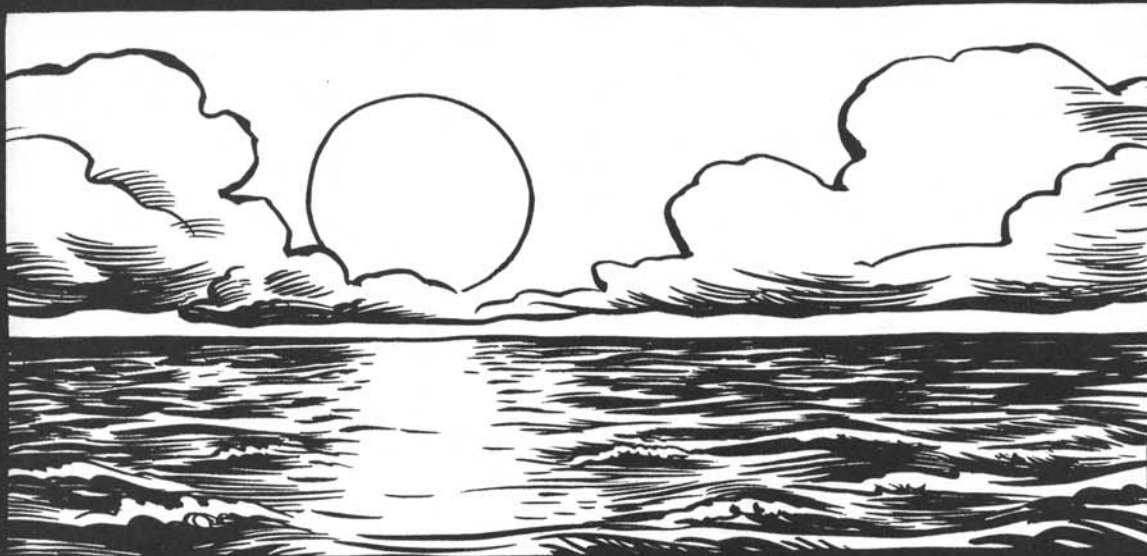
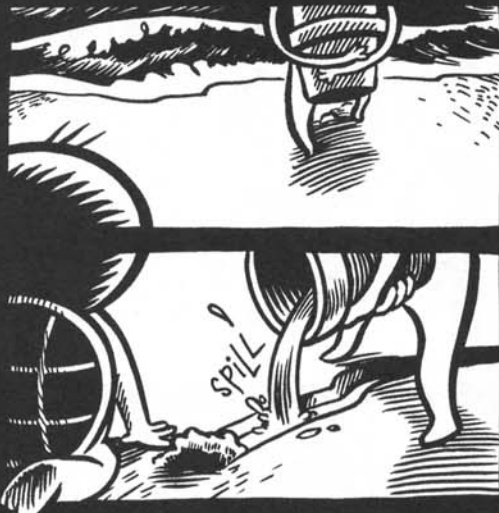


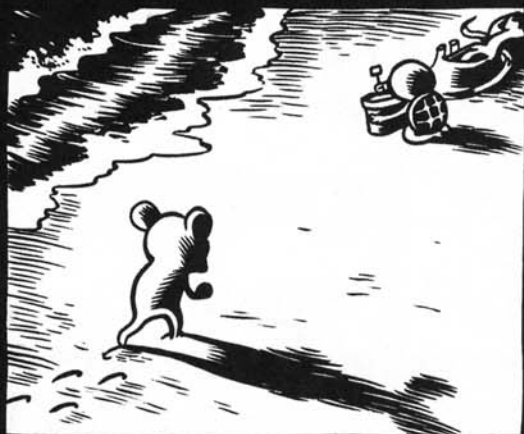
Am I Right?

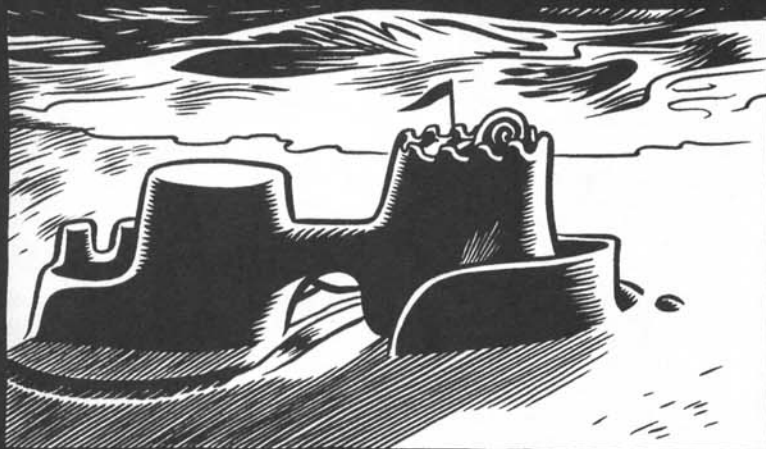


I want to take you with me.









Nope.



No more time
for crying.



At least not
while we're
together.



I'd settle for a
Bedtime story instead.



www

doot
doot

That's Right, Merle.
a turtle shell.

OR-fee-us makes hisself a little
Seetar out of a turtle shell.

No doubt he plumb drill
a hole ins to it & pulls some
twine across the hole.

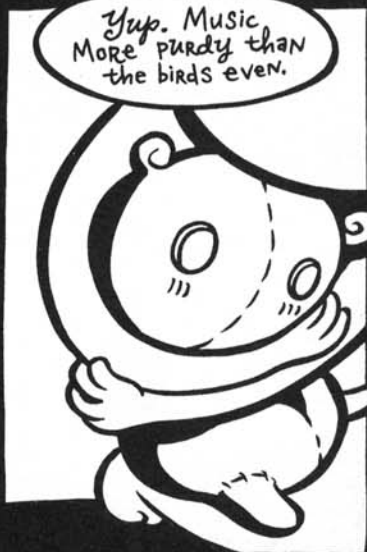
And he pluck upon them
strings the finest tunes
what ever been heard.

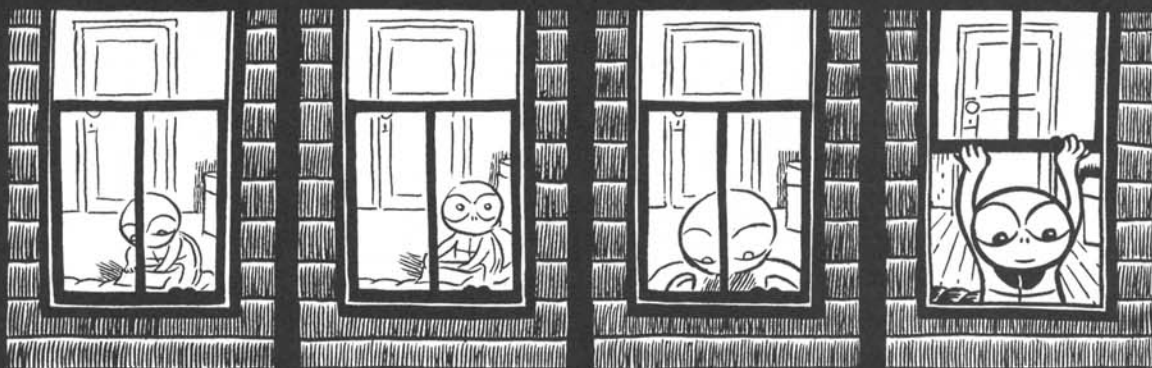


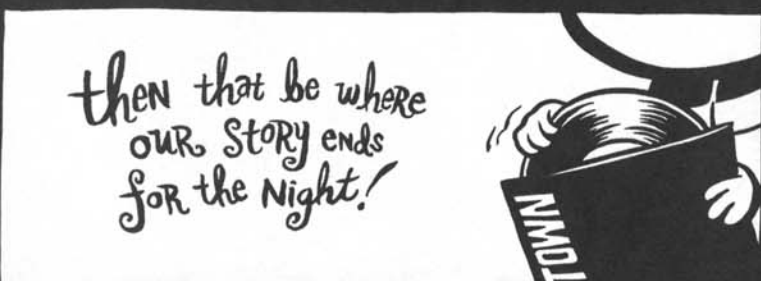
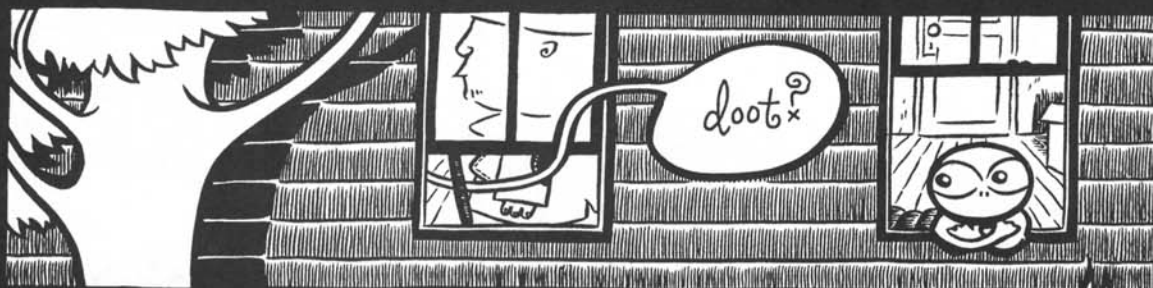
doot?

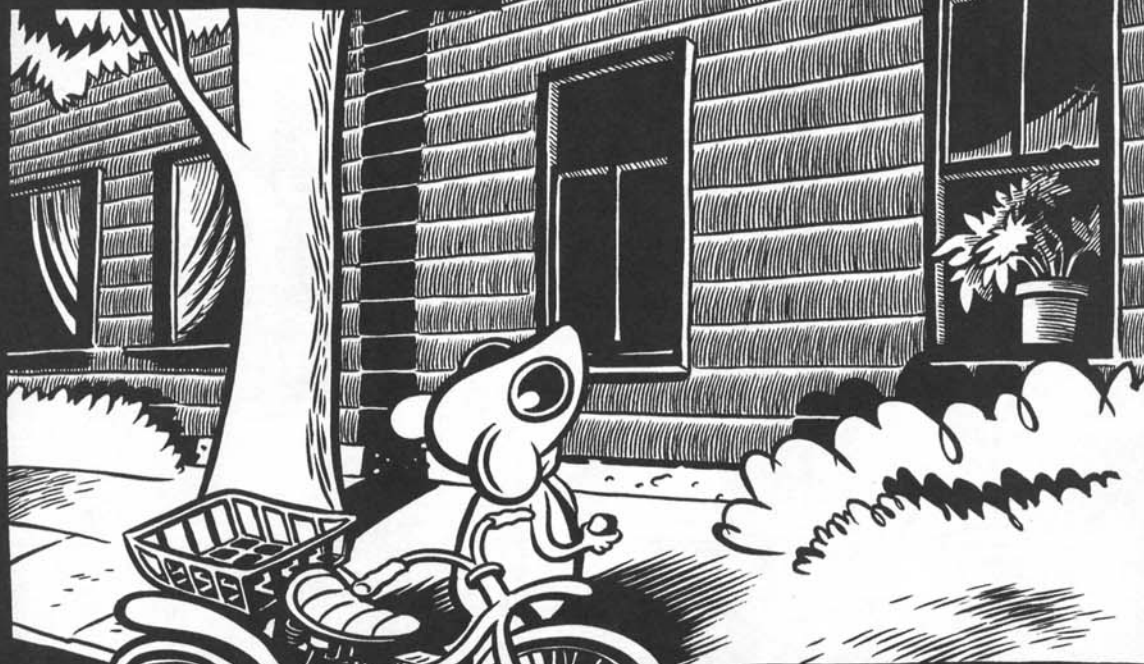
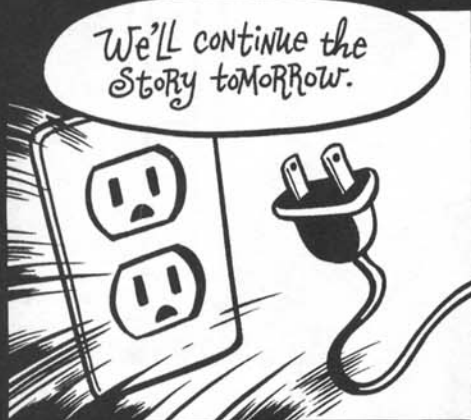
Yup. Music
More purdy than
the birds even.

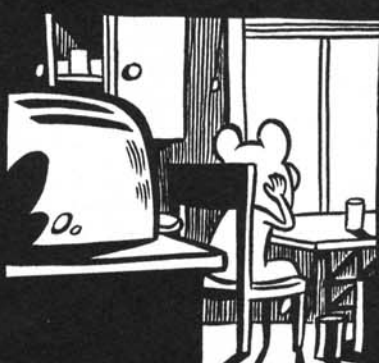
and everyone, Likewise,
they fancy OR-fee-us,

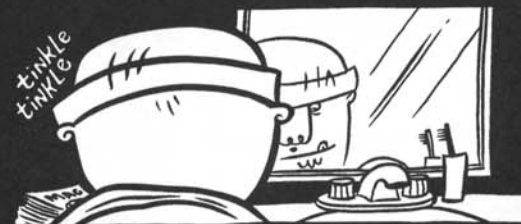
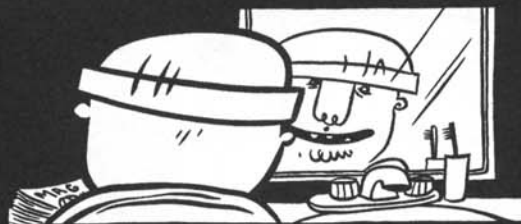


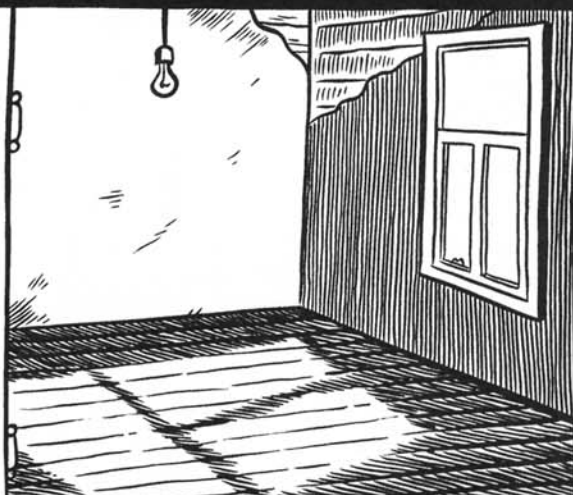


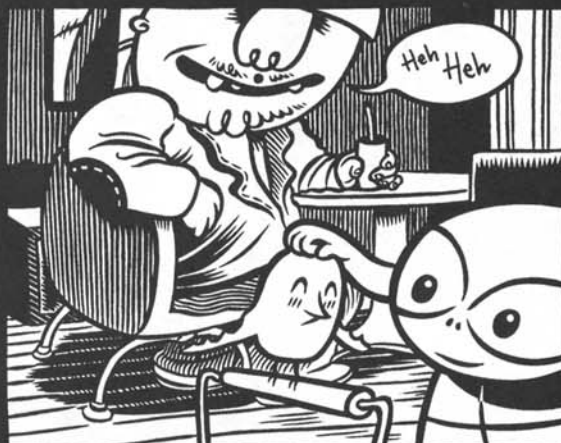
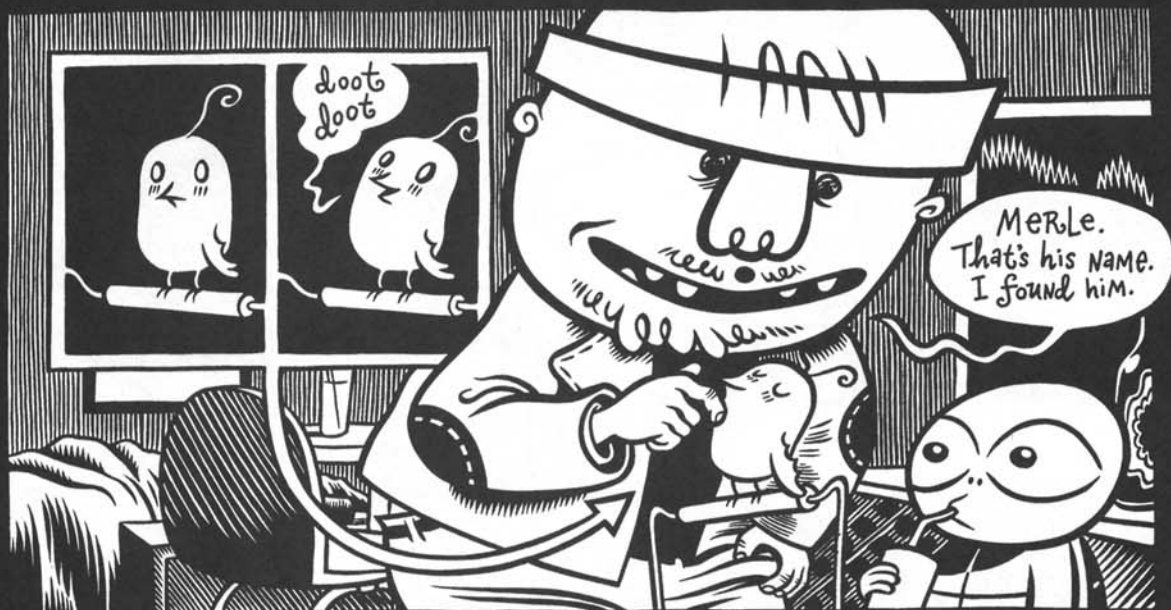






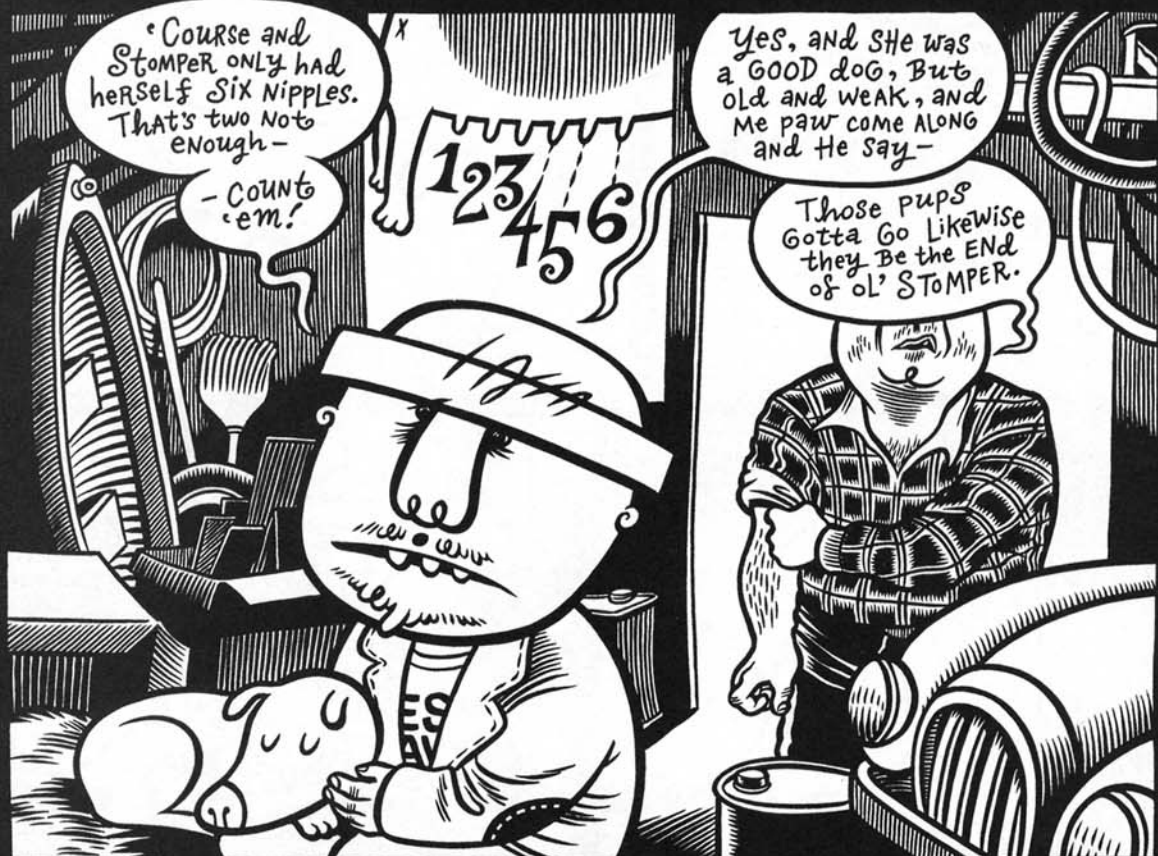


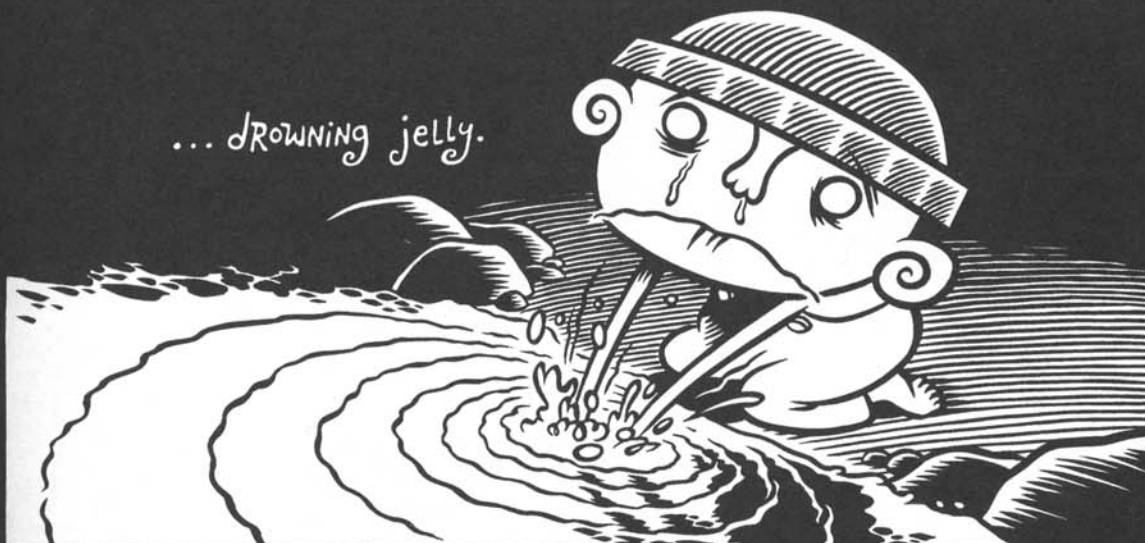
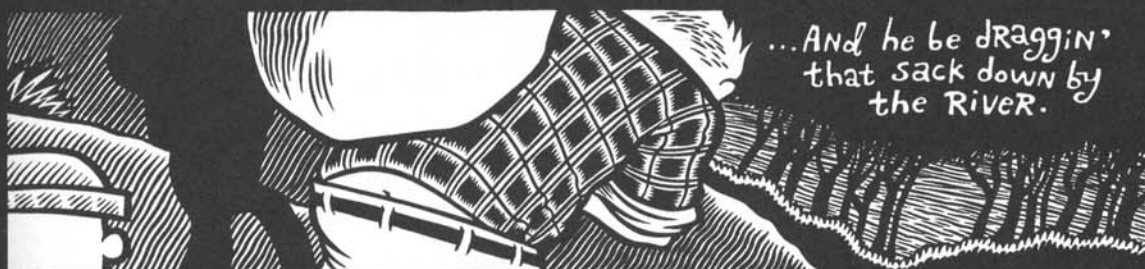




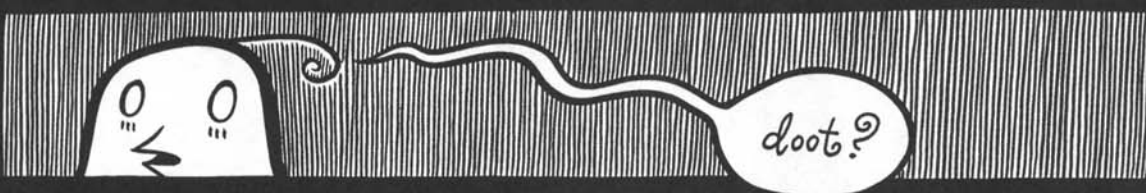
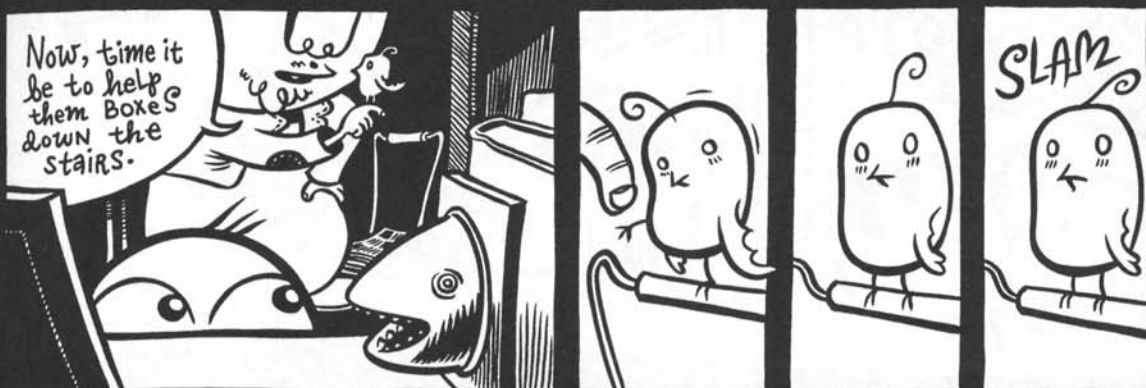


And one day
she's up and
had EIGHT PUPS.



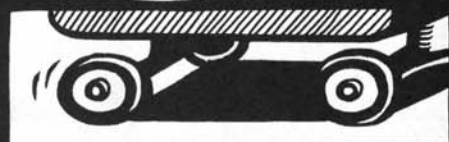


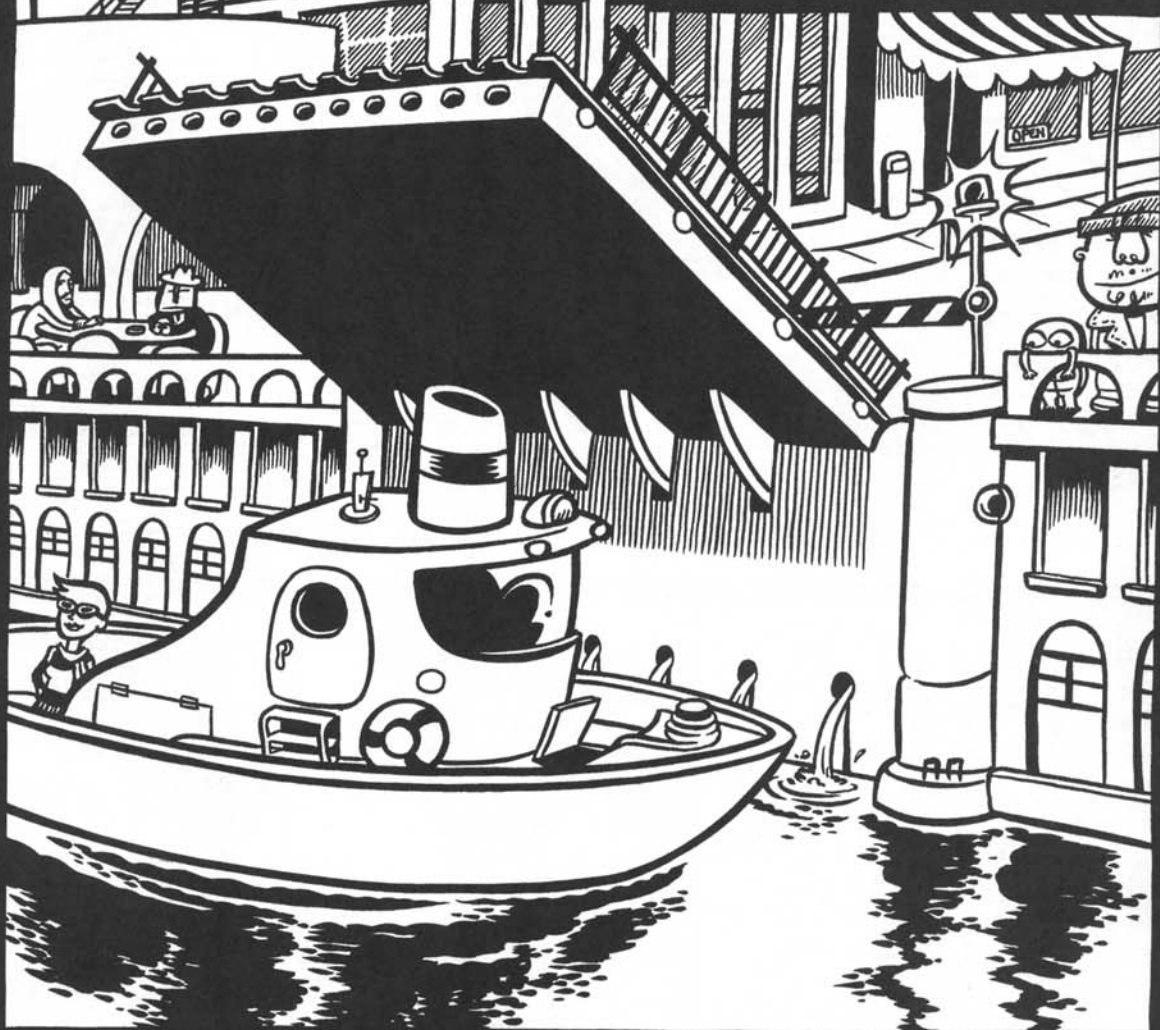
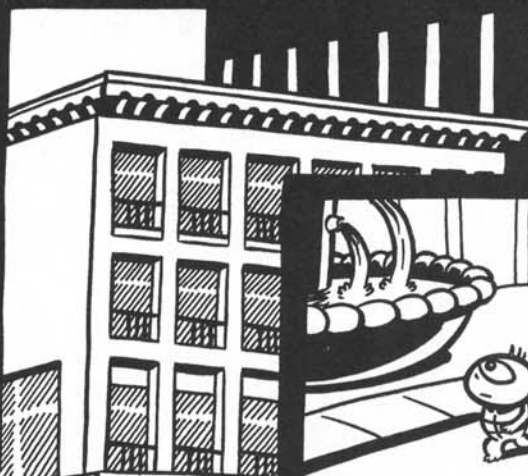














So We be floatin' them
Boats - or Sinkin' them as
be my lot - and we plays
ourselves some Games
Liken Hide & Go
up Seek.



ALL RIGHT.
Everybody hides
while I count
to TEN!



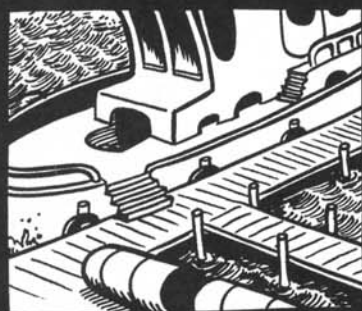
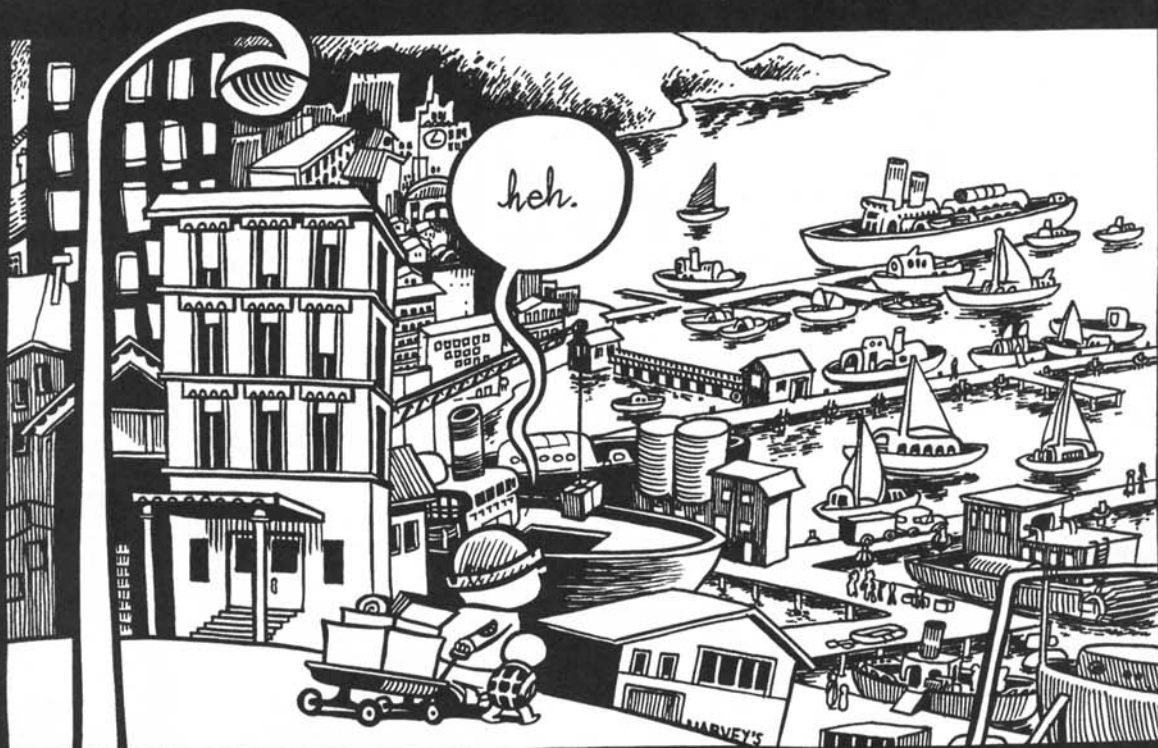
one-one
thousand

two-one
thousand

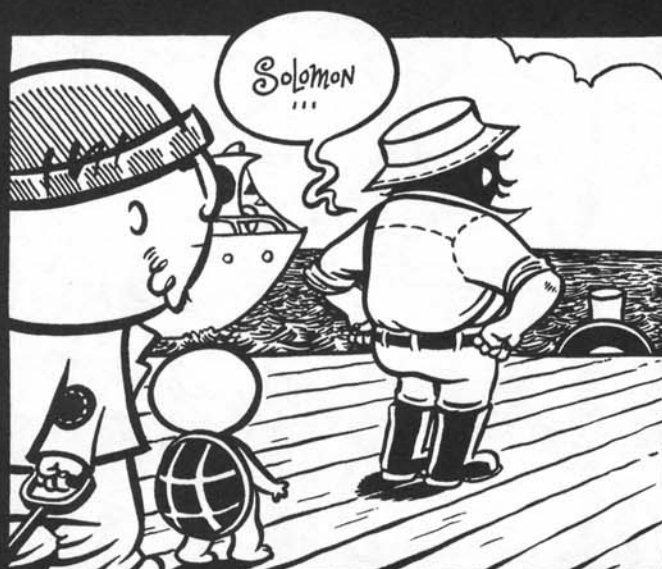


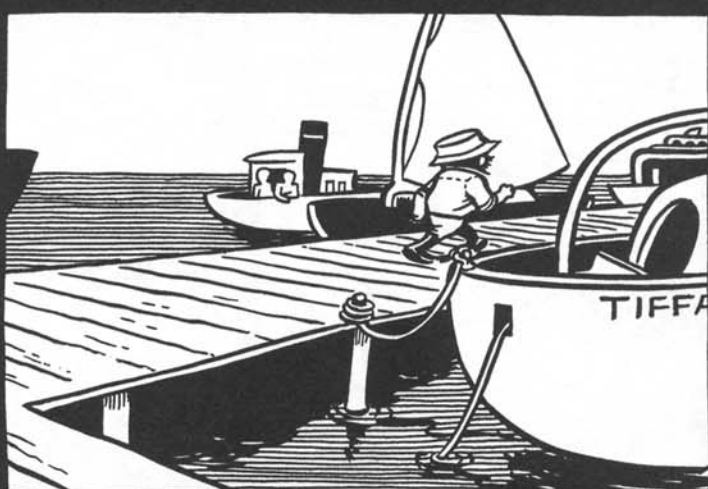
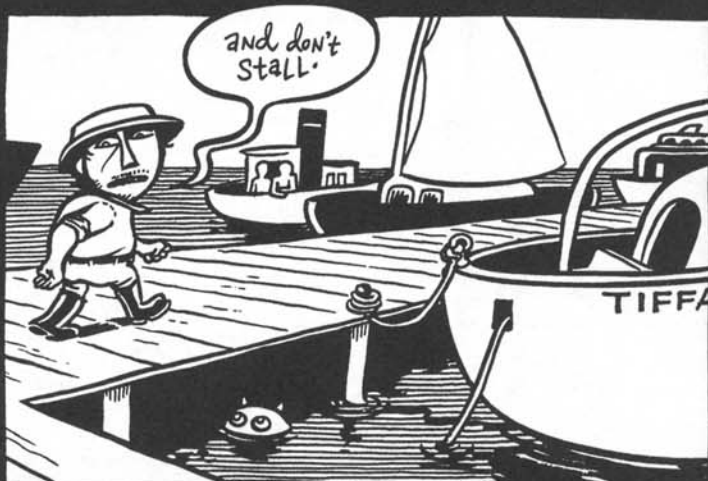
Five-one
thousand









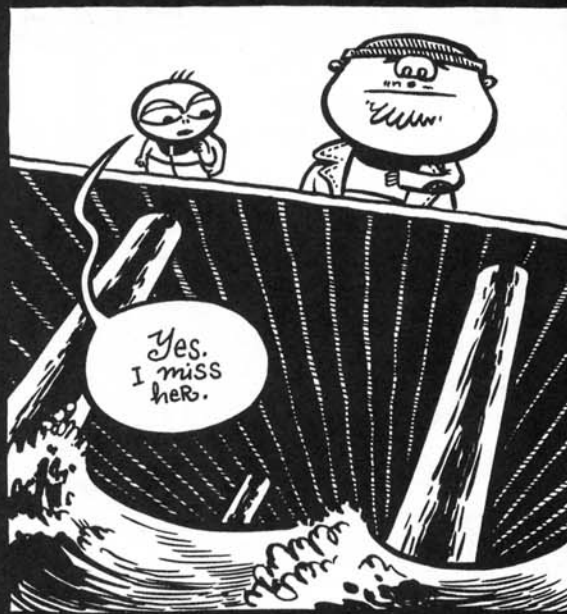


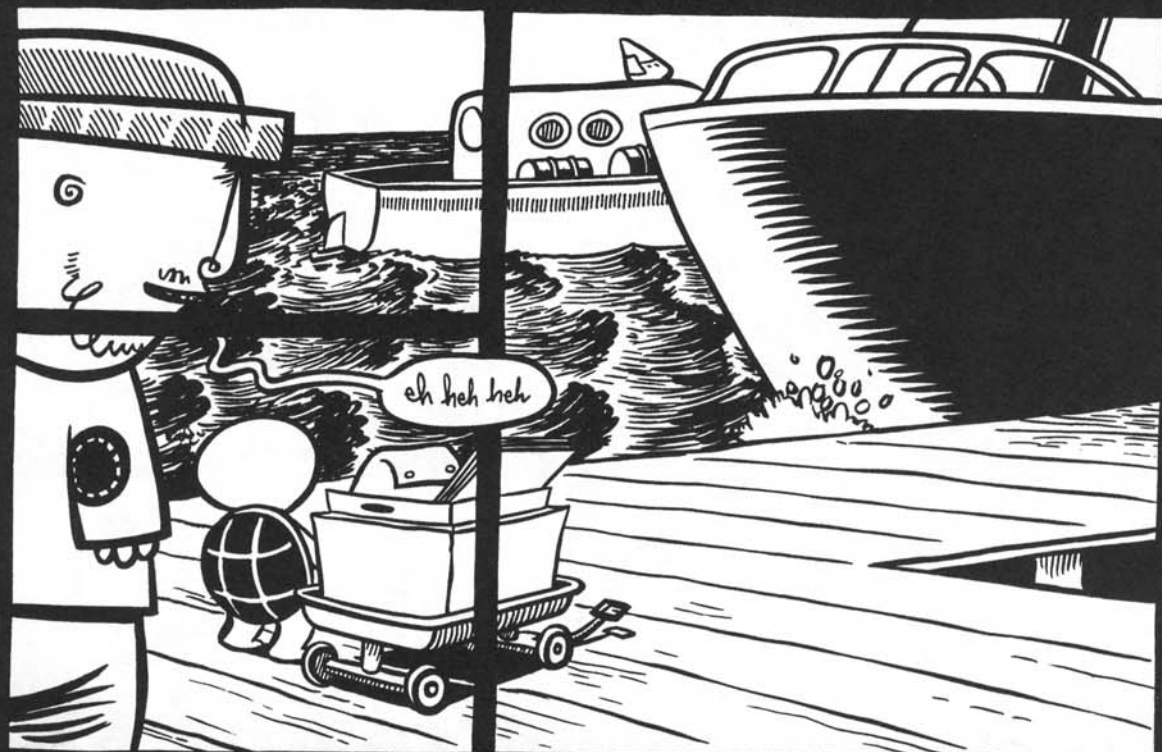


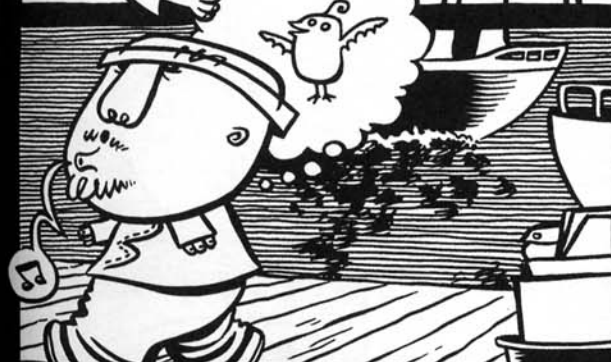
I just wanted to see you off on yer journey.

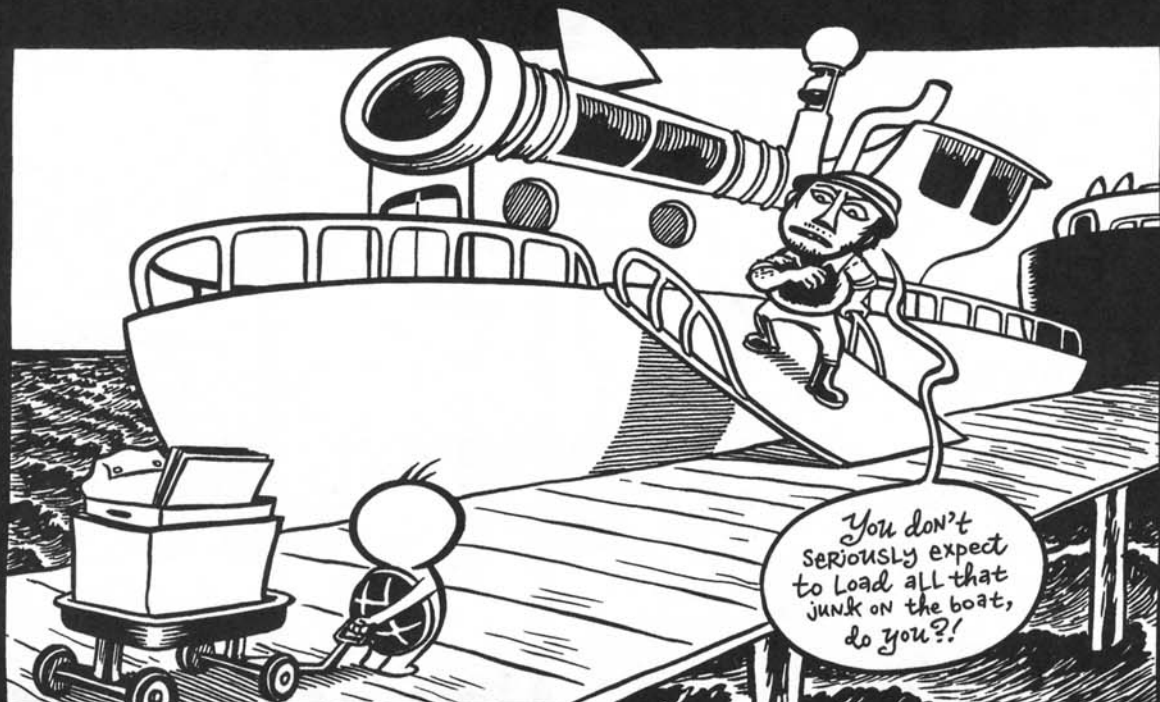


I don't know.









You don't seriously expect to load all that junk on the boat, do you?!

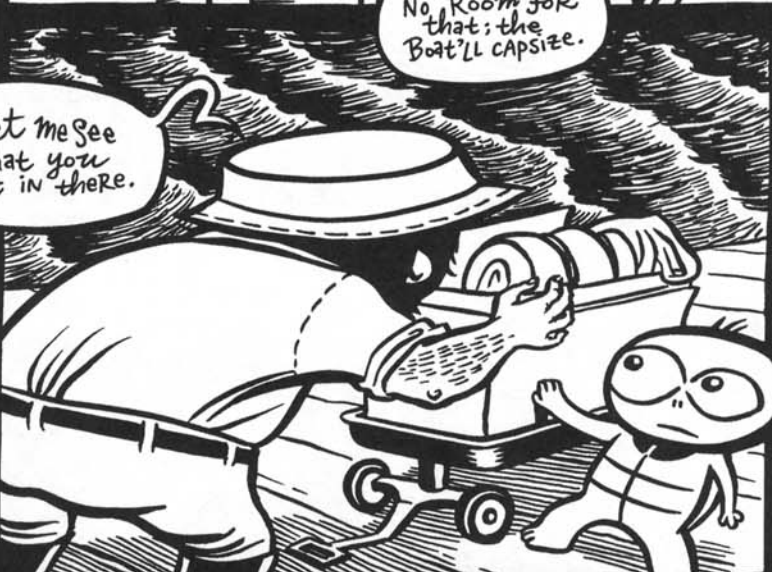


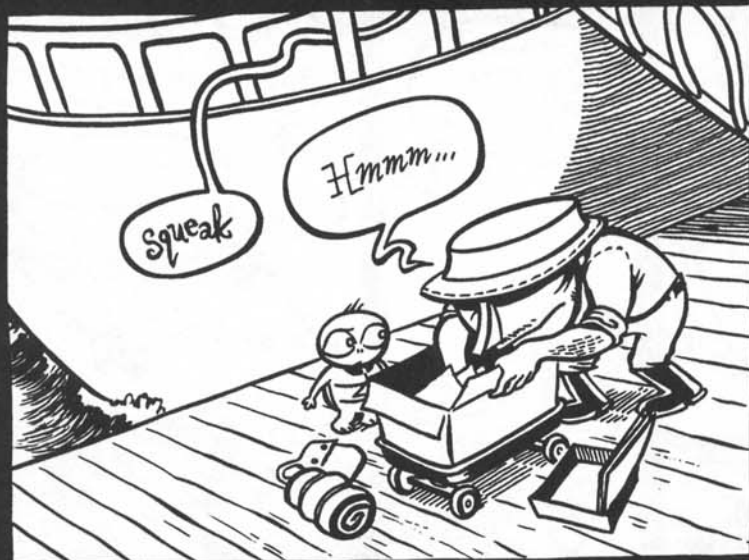
Nah. There's no room for that; the boat'll capsize.



A sailor packs only the essentials.

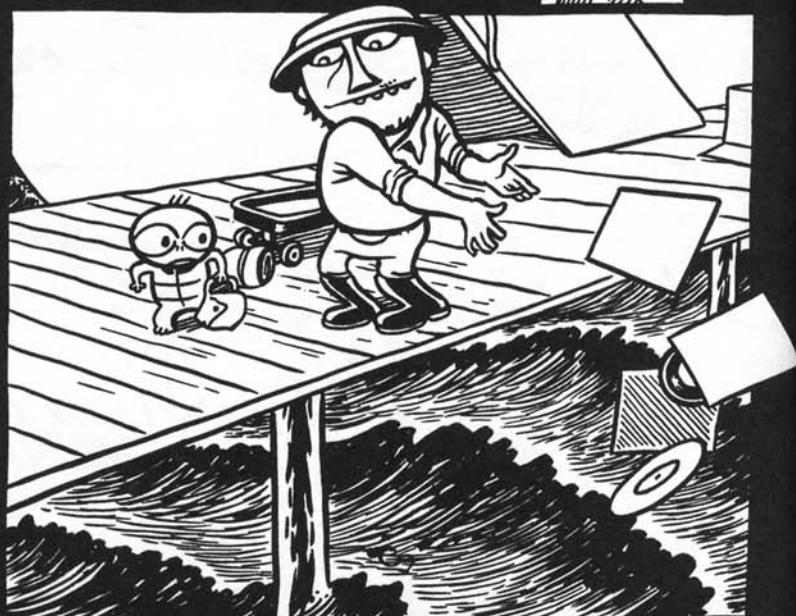
Let me see what you got in there.

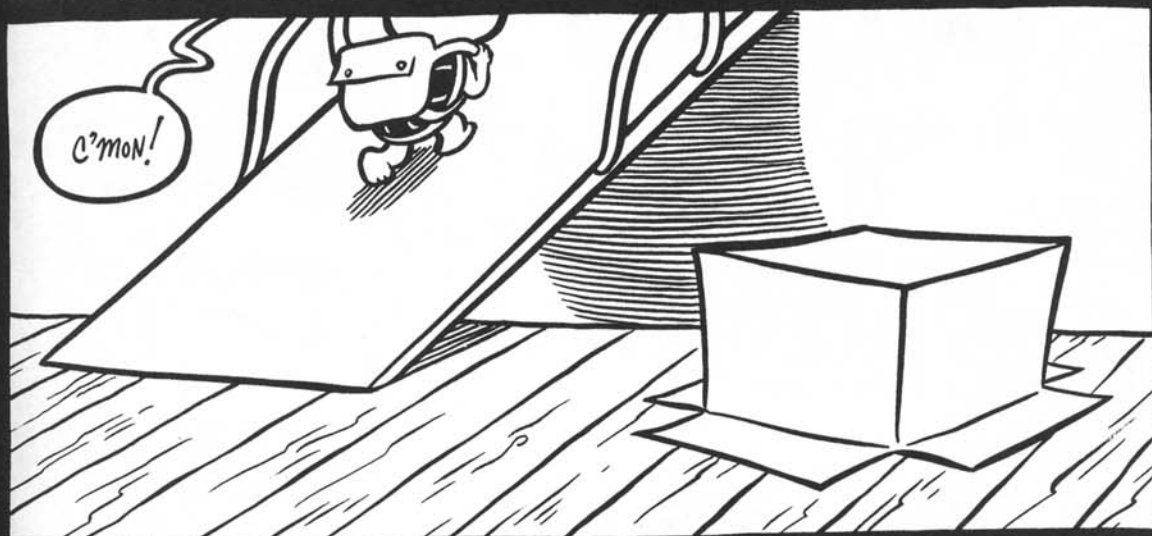




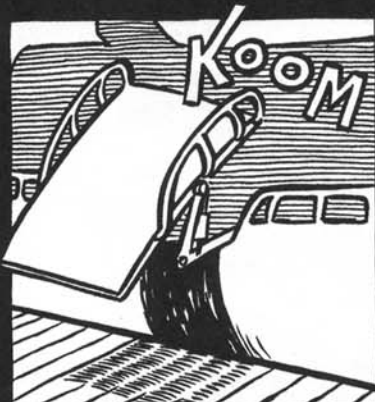
This lamp is purely FRIVOLOUS for a TRAVELER like yourself. We'll have to leave it behind; OR if you're COMPASSIONATE enough, we could donate it to my lovely wife Glenda...

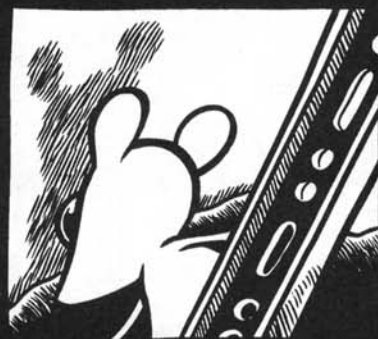




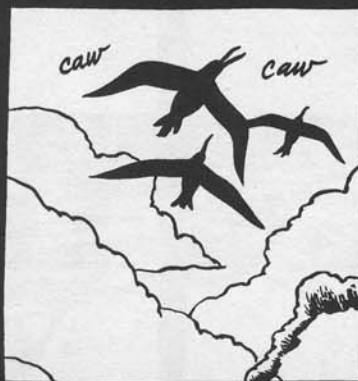








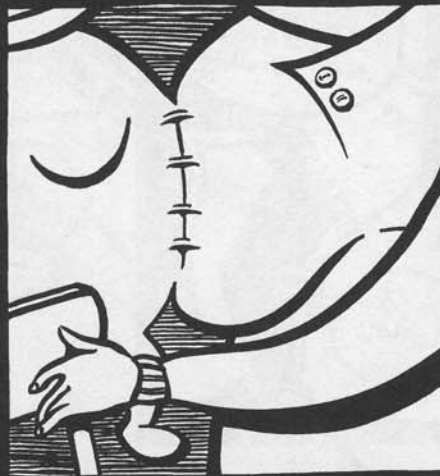


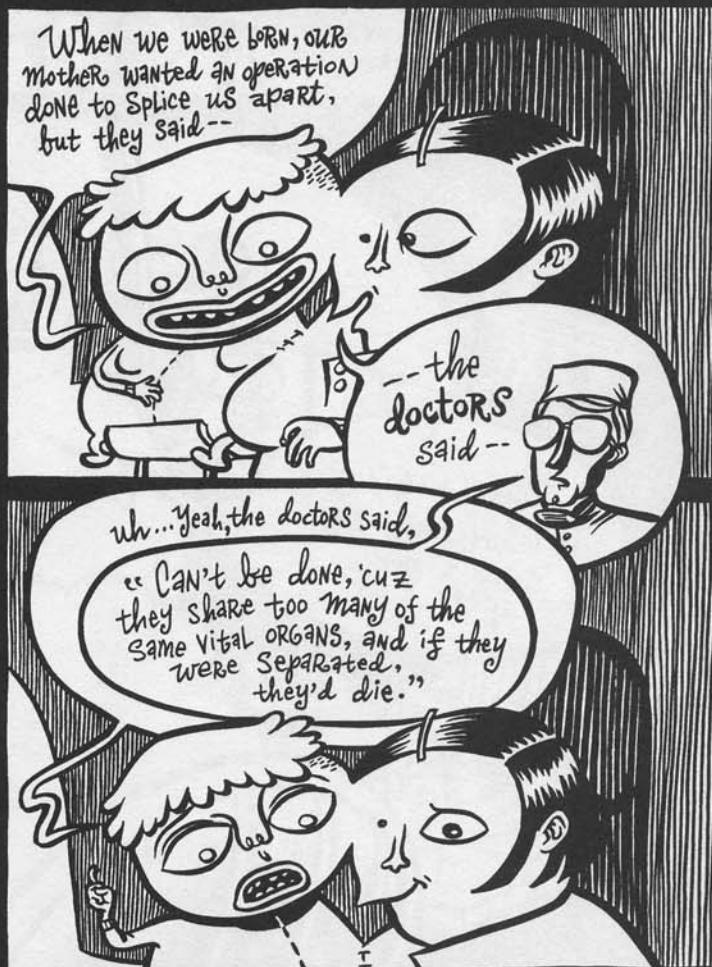






... and Strange.







I mean, I've had my share of motley crews, but a mute turtle kid & two sisters sharing the same torso sure takes the cake.



Not that I'm complaining or anything. If people'll keep paying, I'll keep sailing these blessed seas.



Hell, I'd keep sailing even without the money. You know that, El?



No, I'm serious. That's what I'm all about. You do know that, don't you?



of course.



Glenda knew that.



So you're a TURTLE,
CHUNKY?--Let me fill
you in on a little custom
celebrated where we come
from--BEULAH LAH.

Cut it out,
Ruth. You'll just
creep him out.

I'm Educating
him!

So ANYWAY, in BEULAH LAH,
when someone feels REGRET; for RUNNING
over the NEIGHBOR'S PET FROG, or ACCIDENTALLY CON-
taminating the city's WATER SUPPLY, or getting in some
HEAVEN-KNOWS-WHAT-ABOUT SPAT with a LOVED ONE,

They'll etch their
NAME in a
TURTLE SHELL

and let it drift
away in BEULAH LAH
River.





That's how
they express
their sorrow.

Don't worry,
though. They don't
eat turtles on the
KAHOOTNEY islands,

OR EVEN USE
YOUR SHELLS FOR-



I told you you'd
SCARE the little guy.



Hey! what...
Now stop that!

He's a FRAGILE
little creature,
FOR GOSH SAKES.

Cut it out! You're
screwing up my LUNGS!

I'm SERIOUS!

Stop!

Stop
it!



Stop it RIGHT NOW,
you POOBREATHED NEANDERTHAL
you're KILLING me!
you ARE KILLING me!

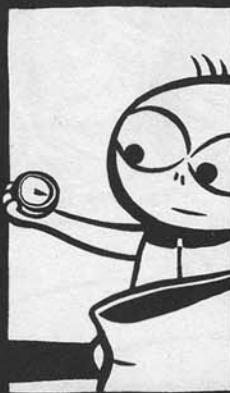
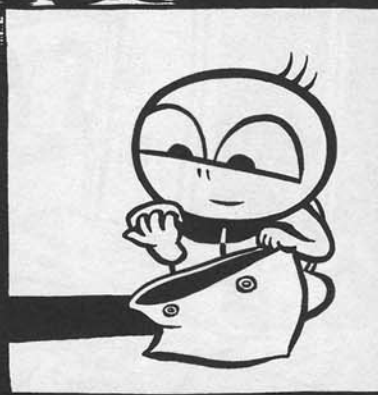


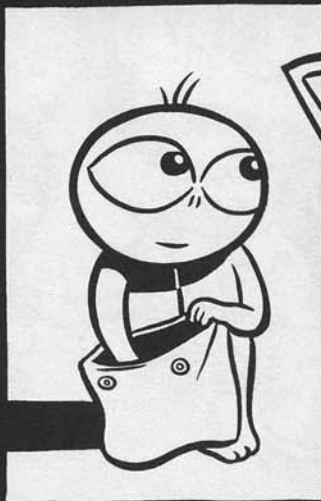


A Letter in a Bottle for you. A SINGLE sheet of paper drenched in waxy depths of crayon.



each & EVERY color,
but NO words.

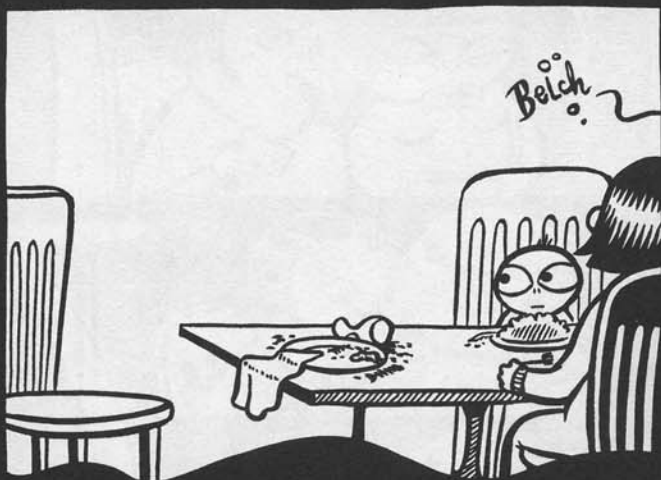






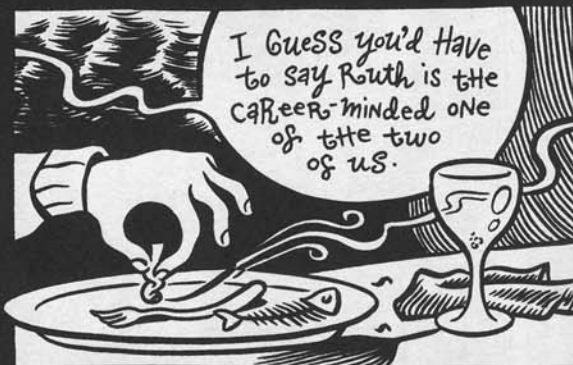


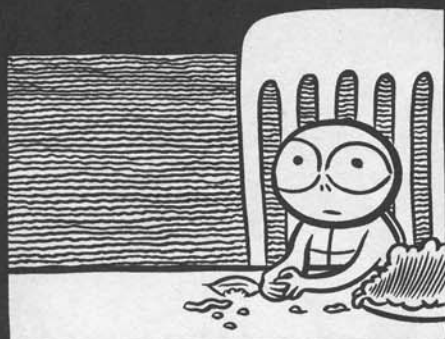


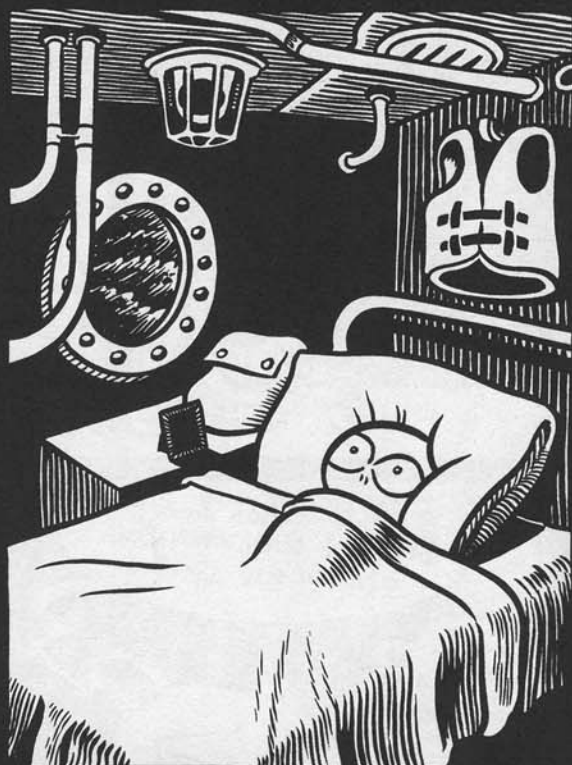


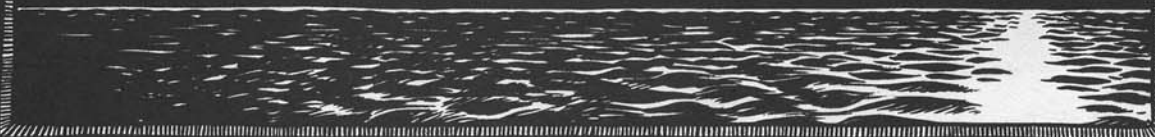
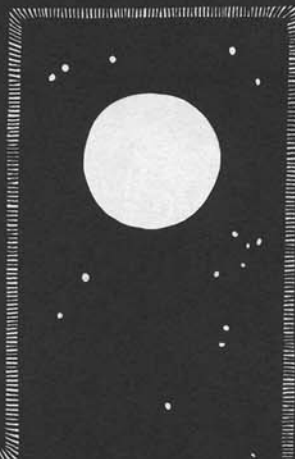


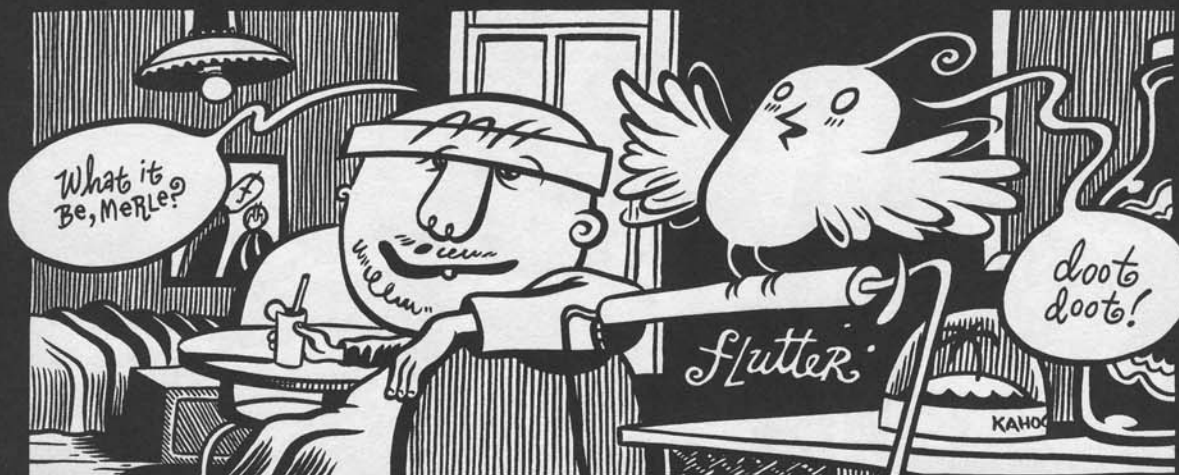


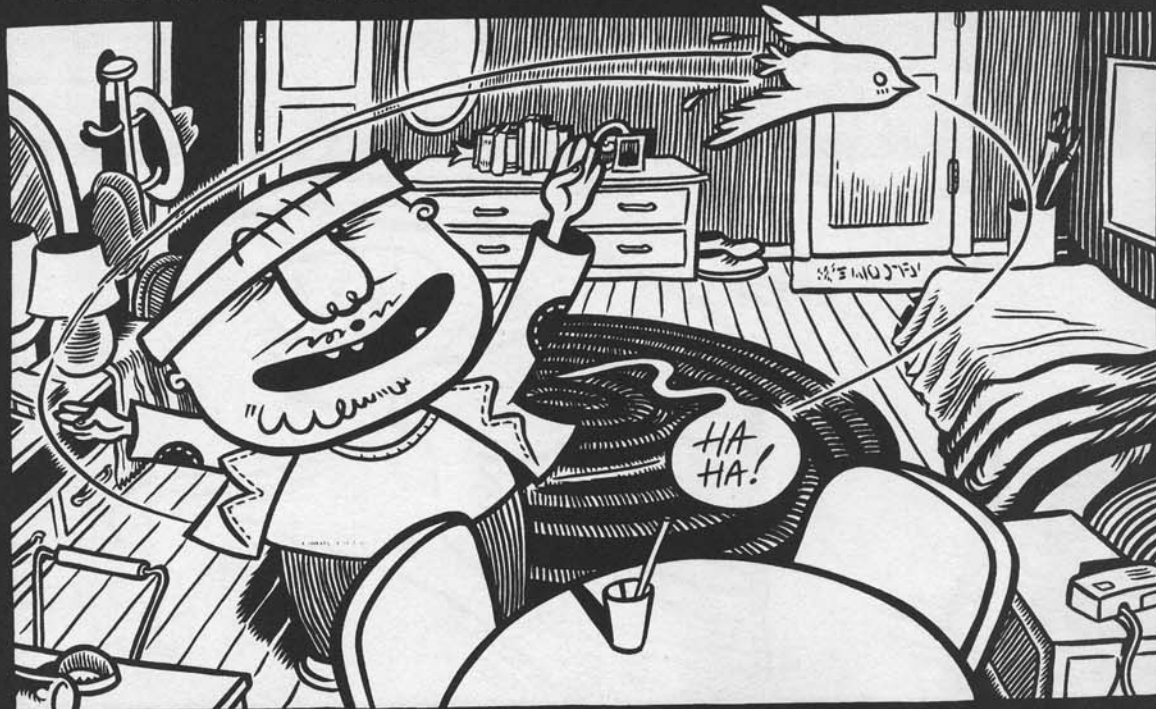




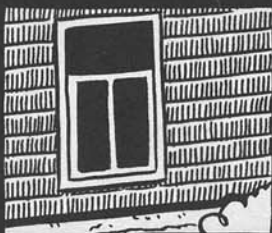
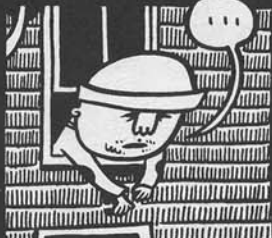
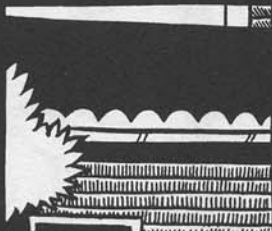


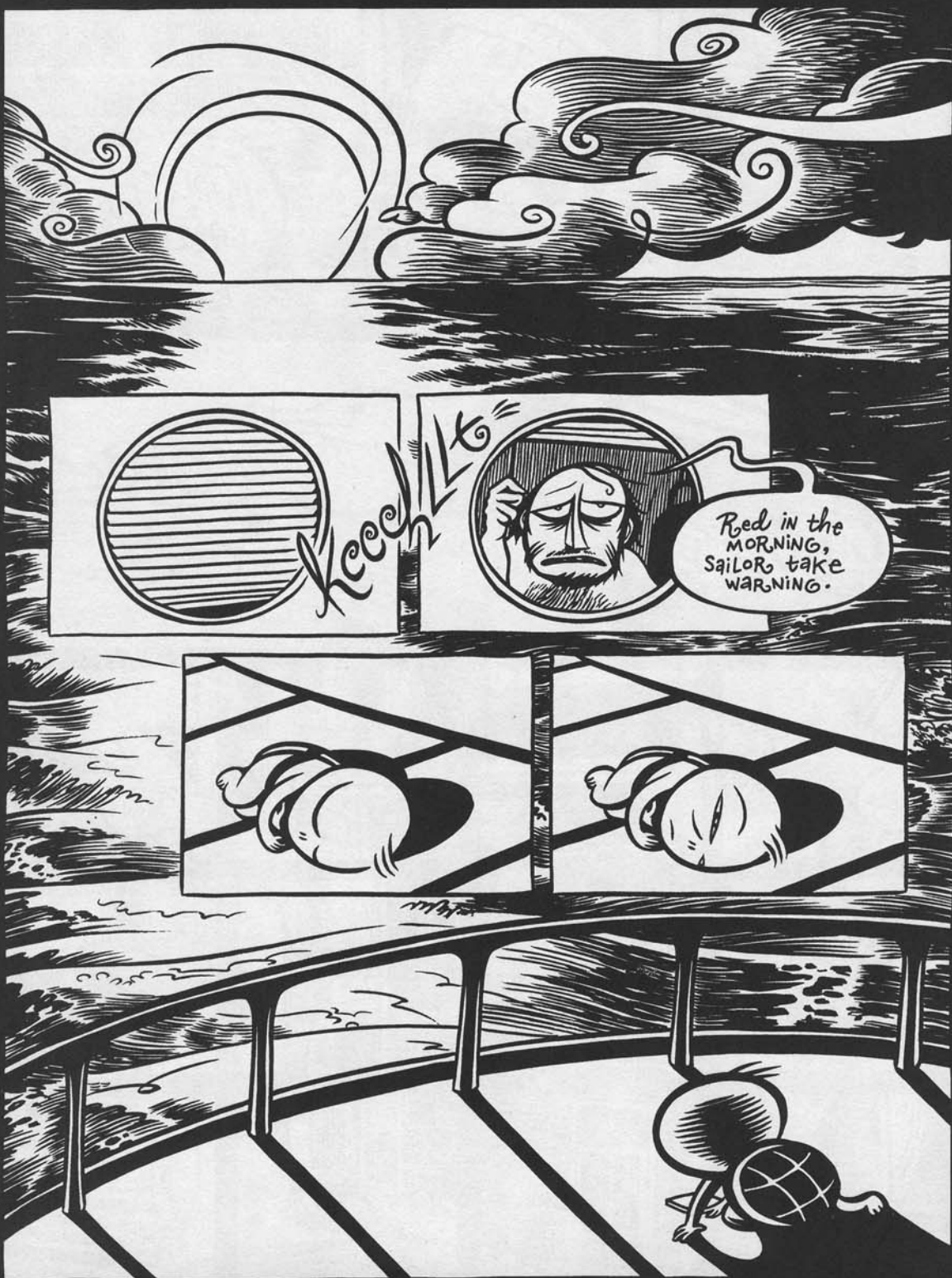


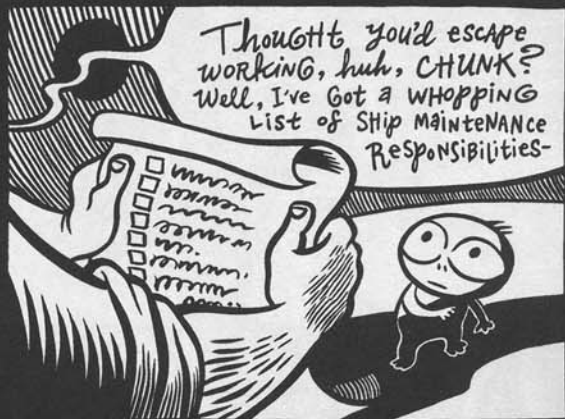


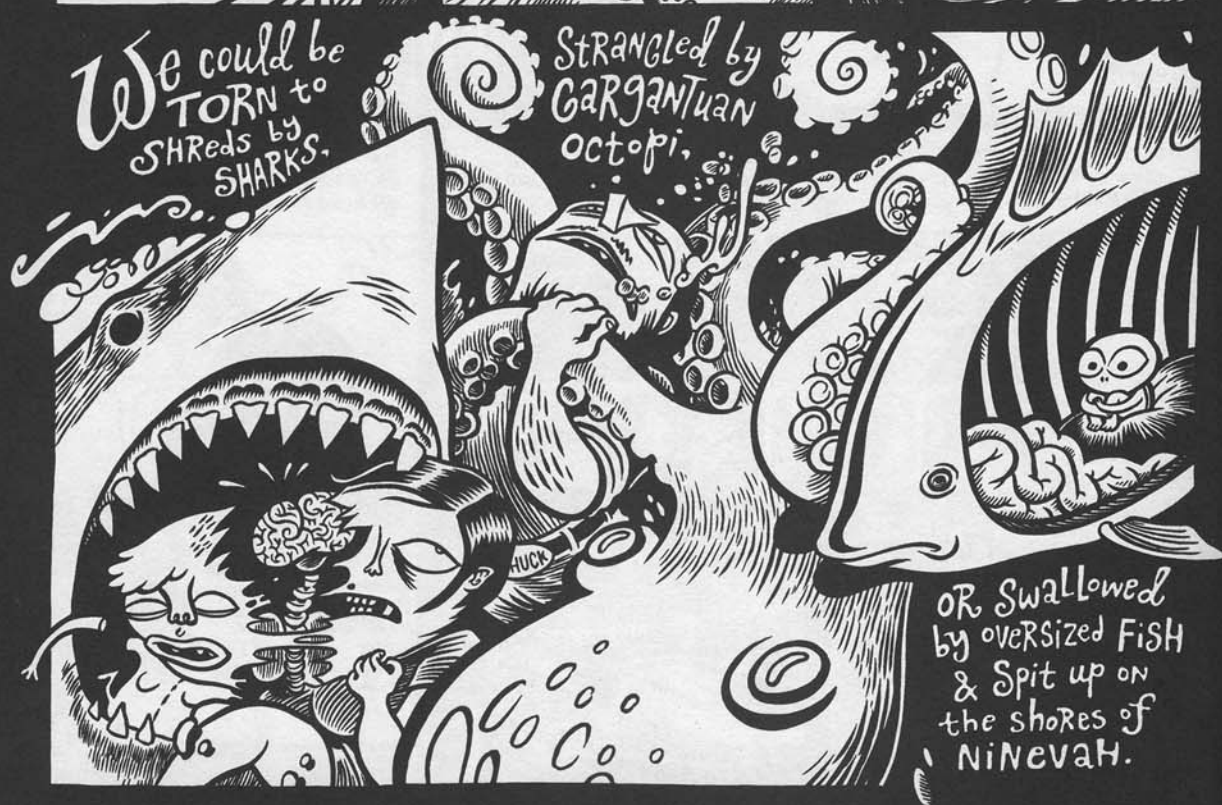


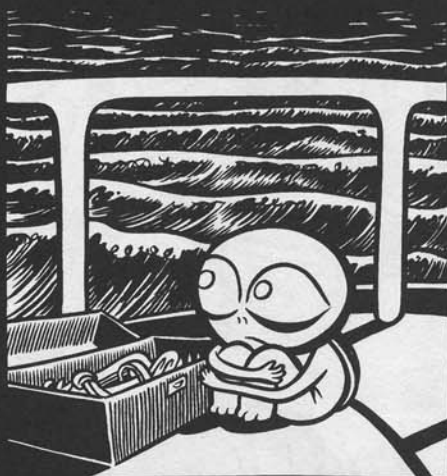




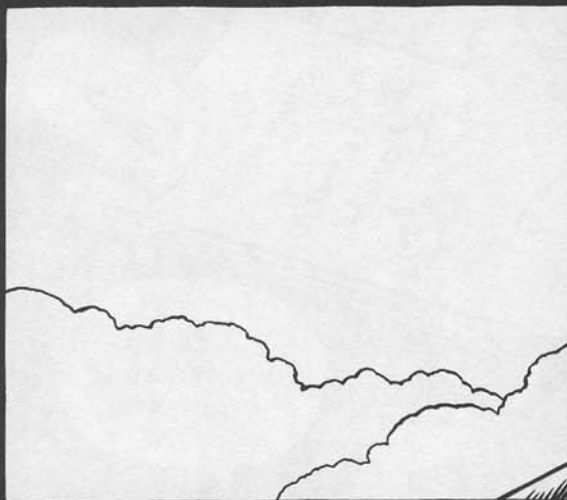




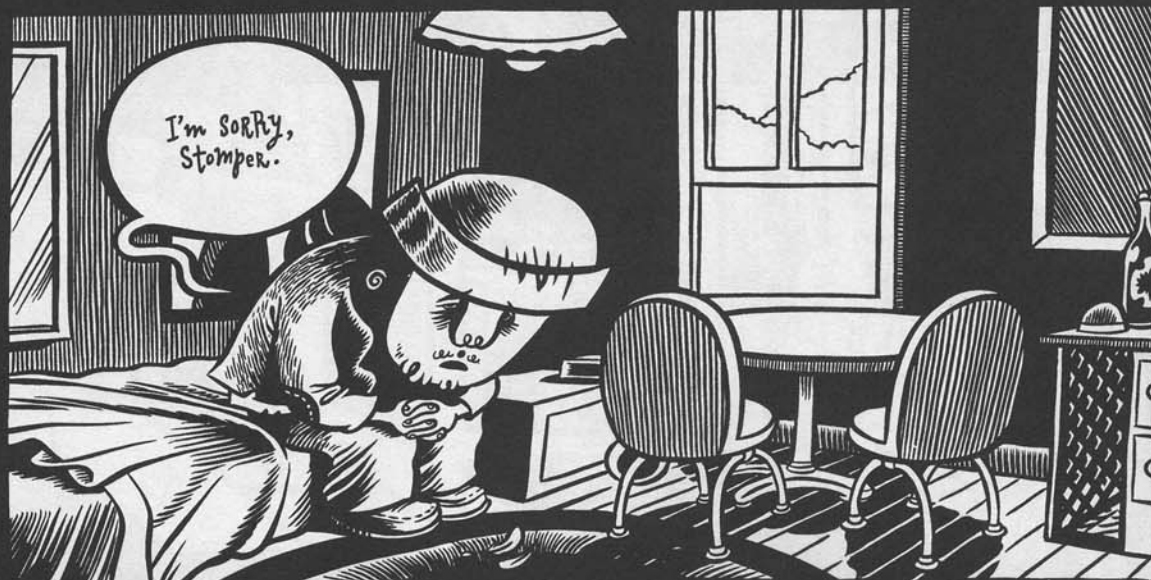
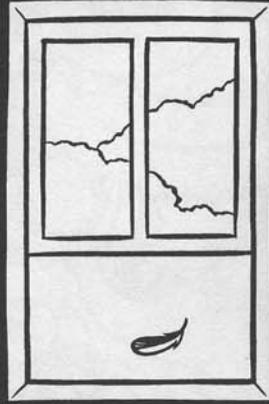


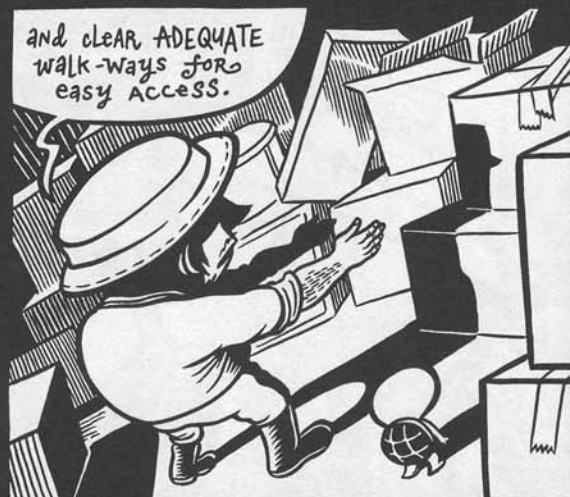


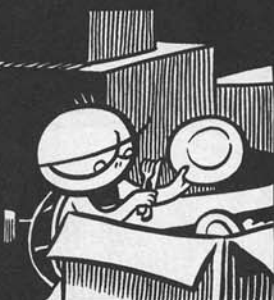
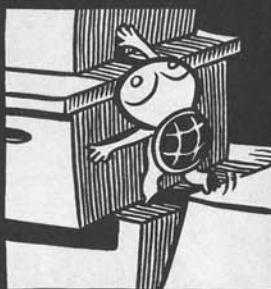




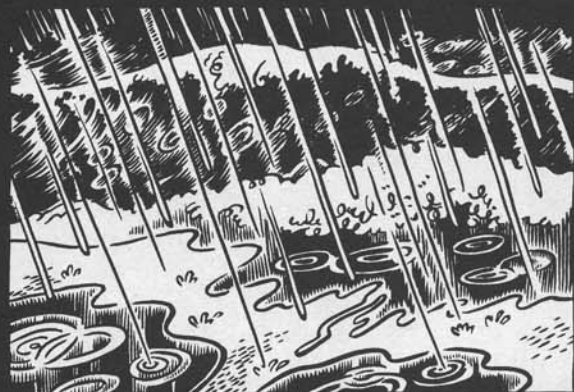
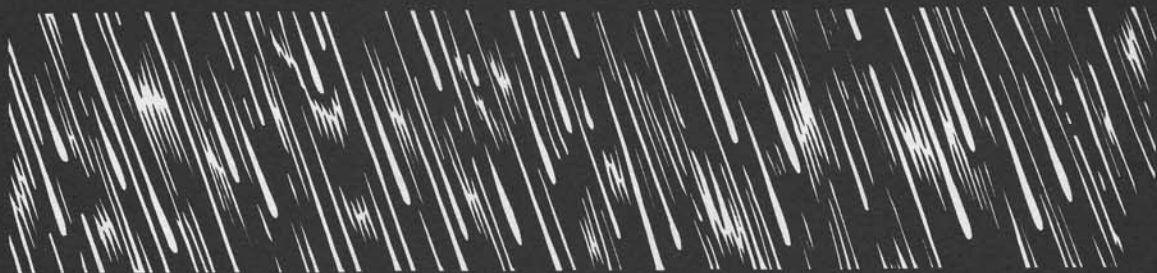




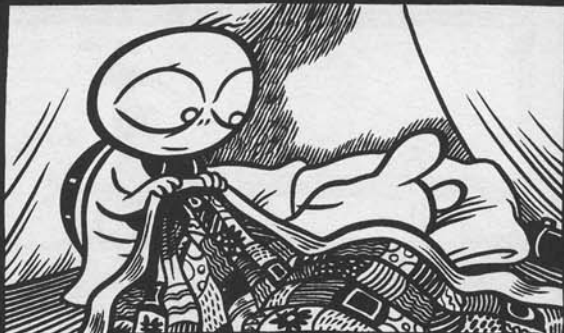
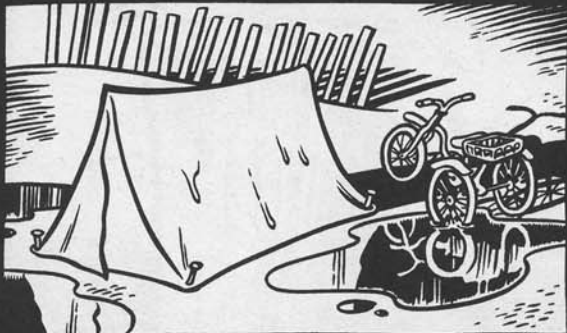


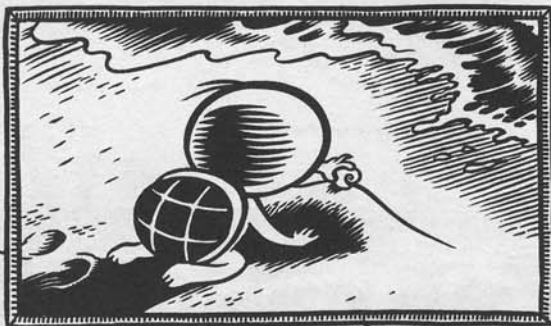




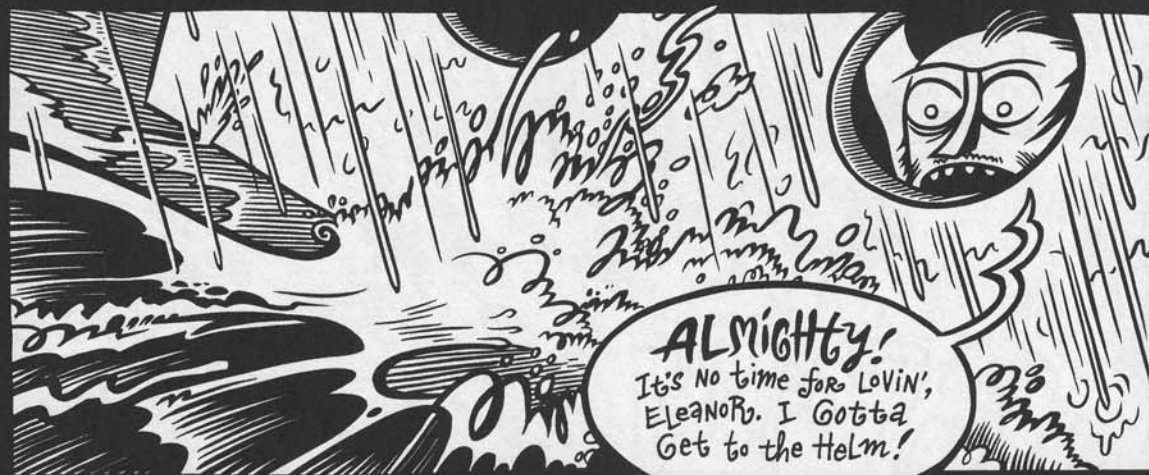


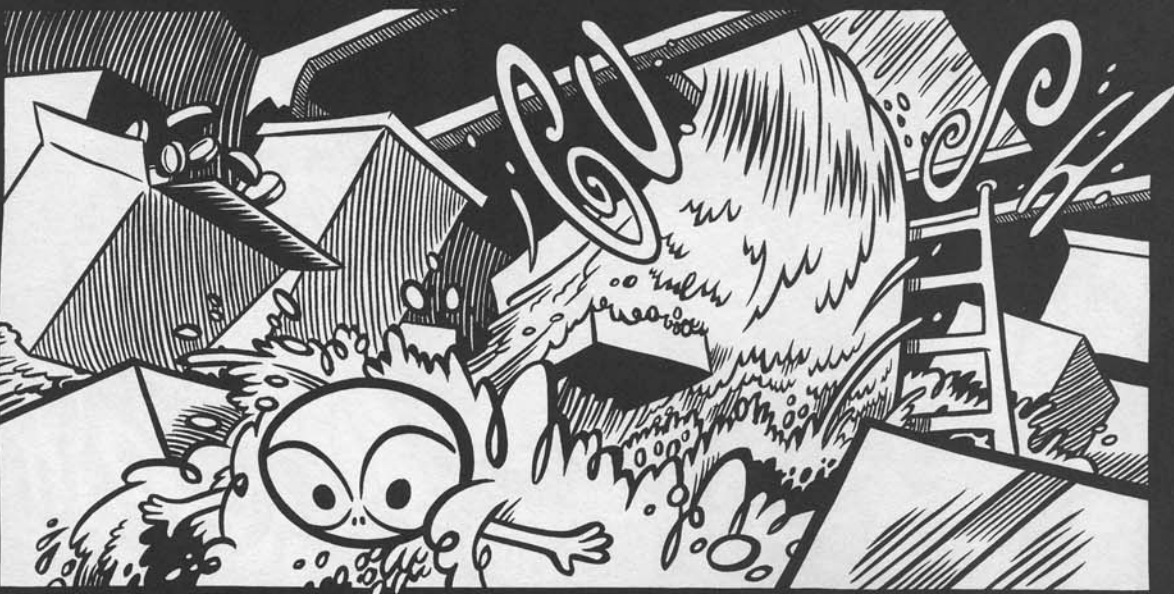




















SomeBody
Find me.



Find Me REAL SOON
otherwise I'll Have to WALK
Home all By MYSELF in the
dark and Paw'll Give Me
A NASTY WHOOPIN'!!



I'm undero
the Box!

undero
the Dock!!



the BELT tonight, Paw;
Not the Splintery
2 by 4.

?



scratch scratch



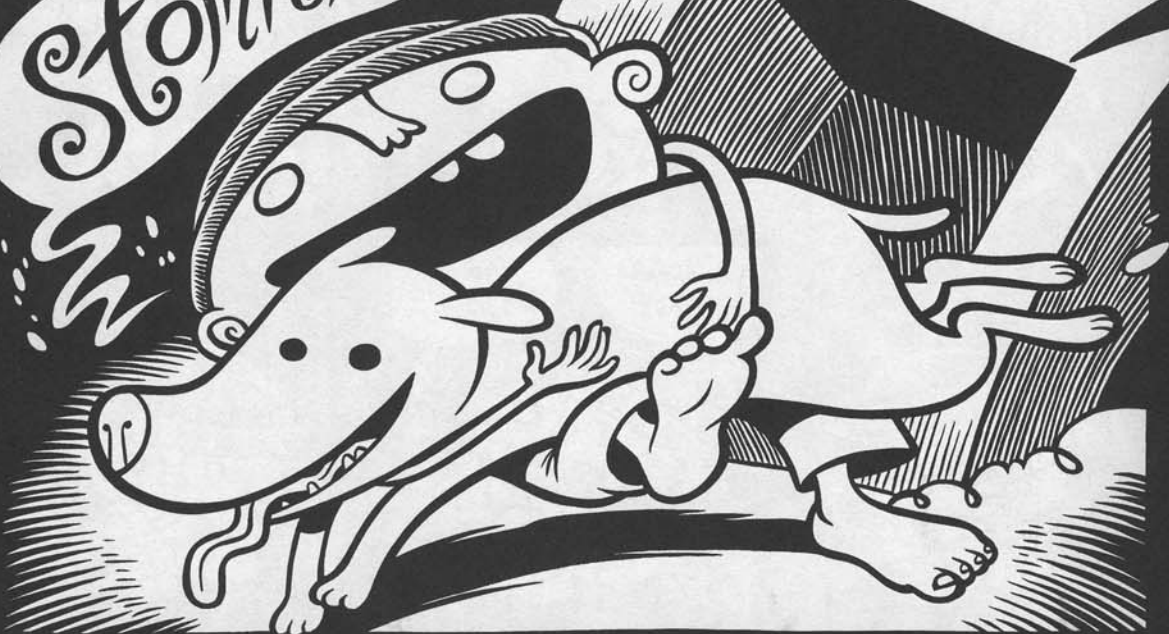
skritch



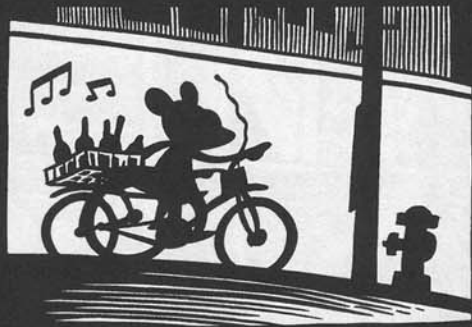
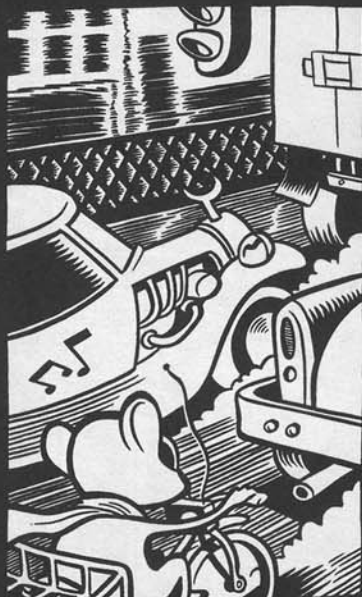
scrape



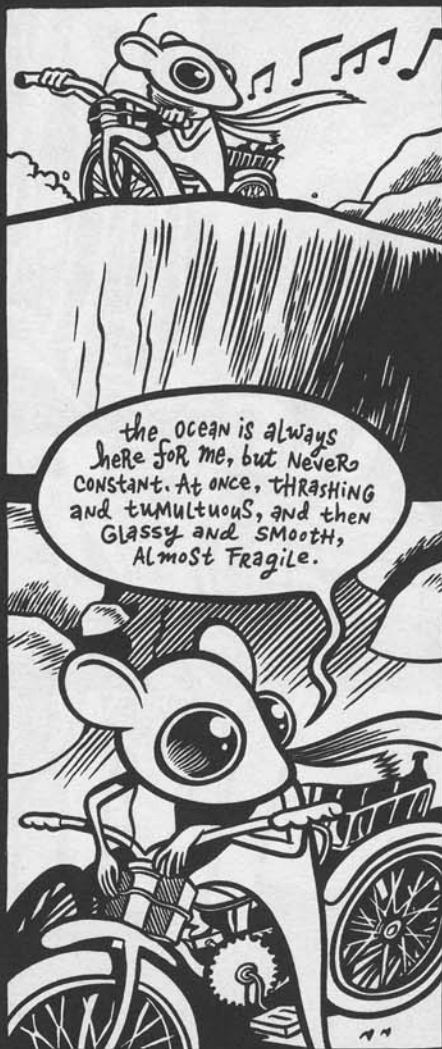
Stomper!

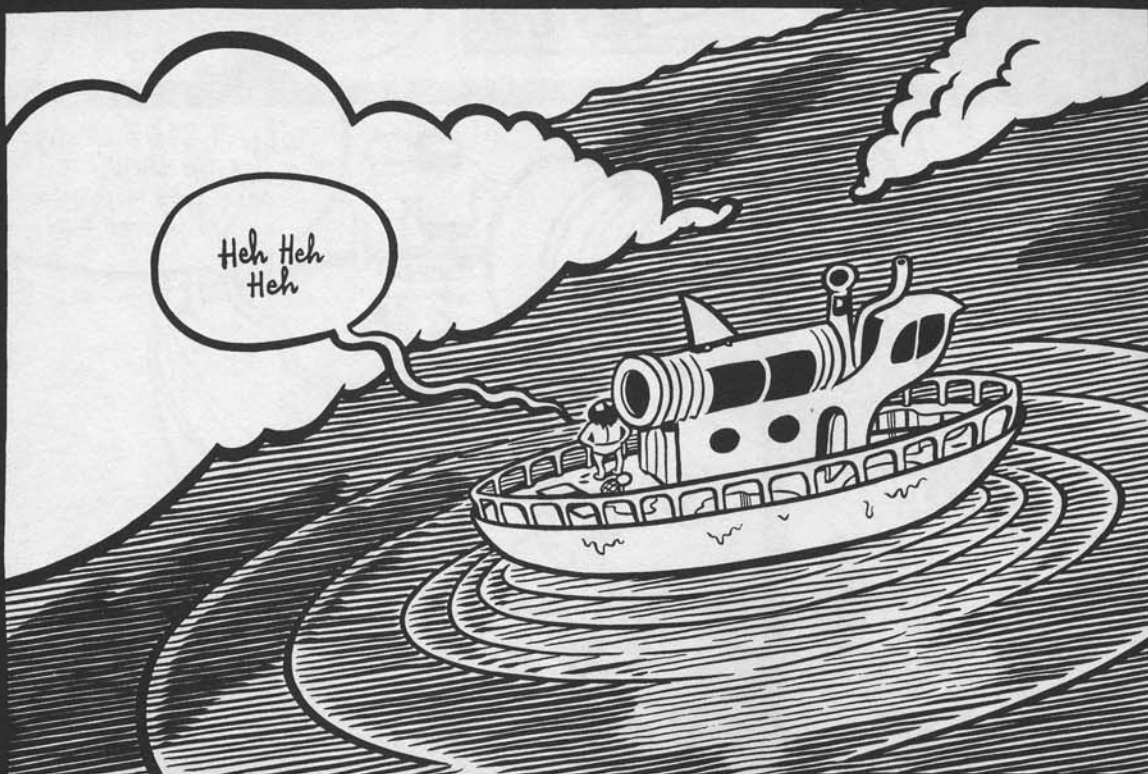


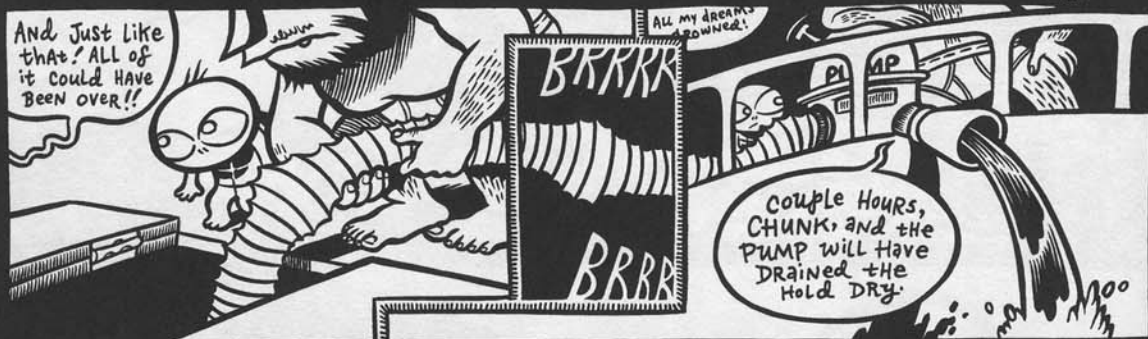




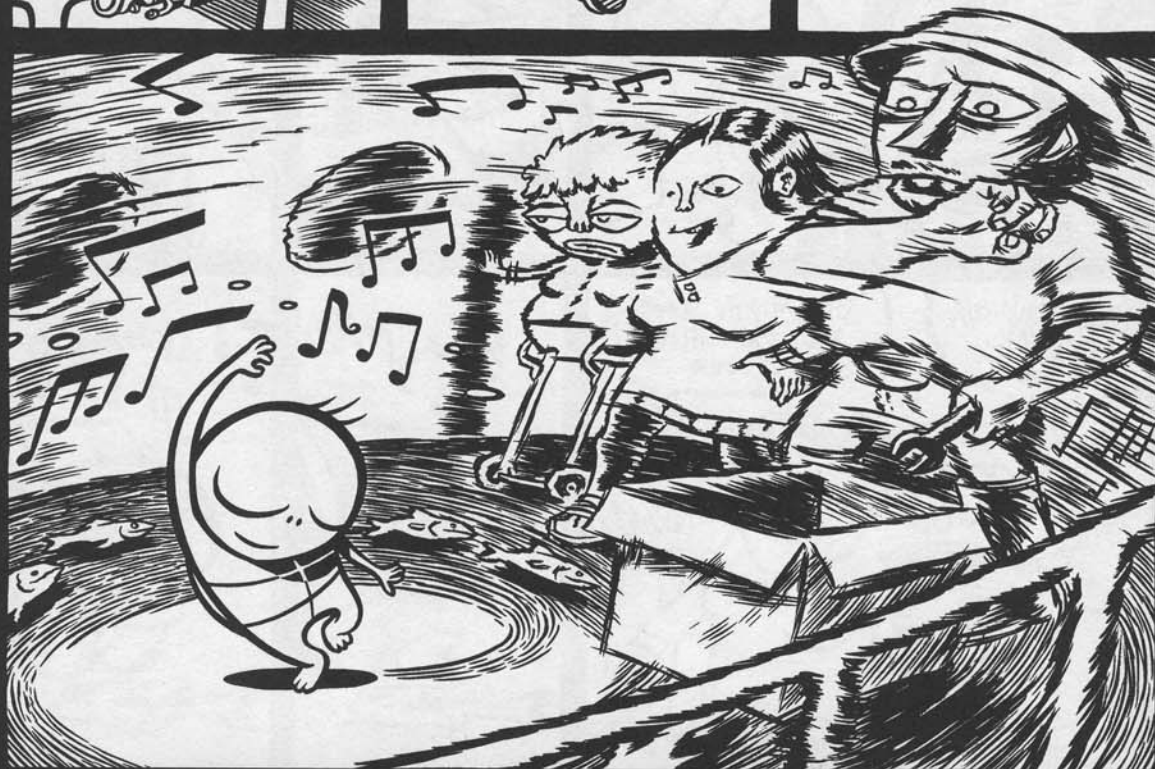


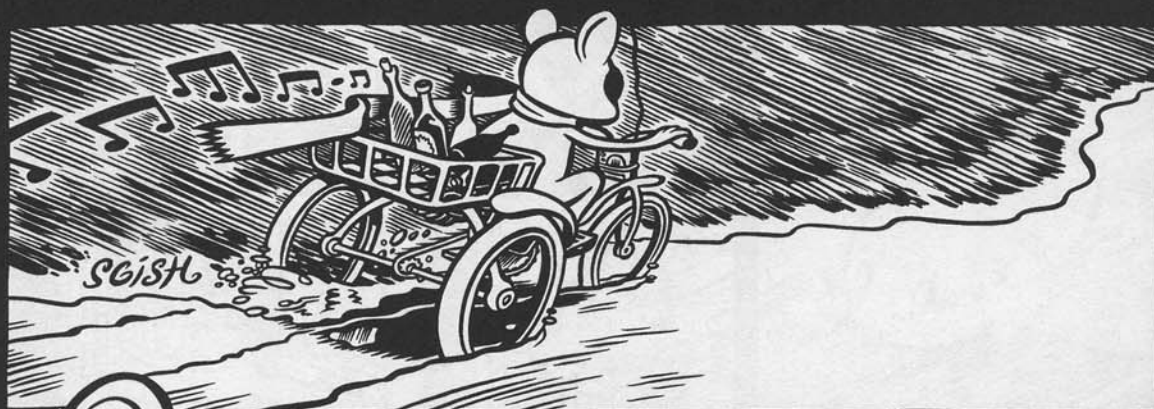




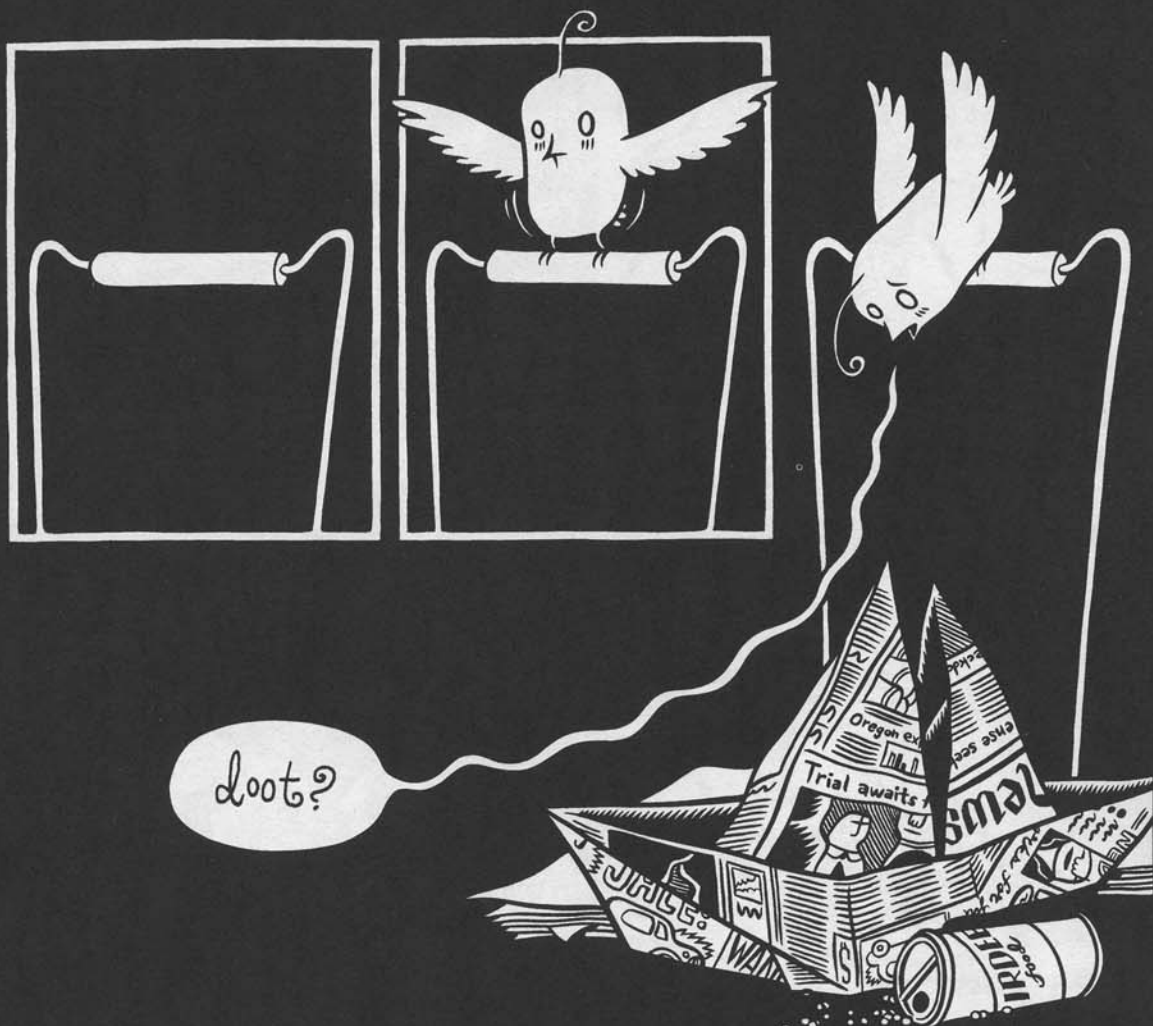












loot?



When PAW would Get Like that, I'd ESCAPE to the shore, CHUNKY, and PERCH on the ROCKS...

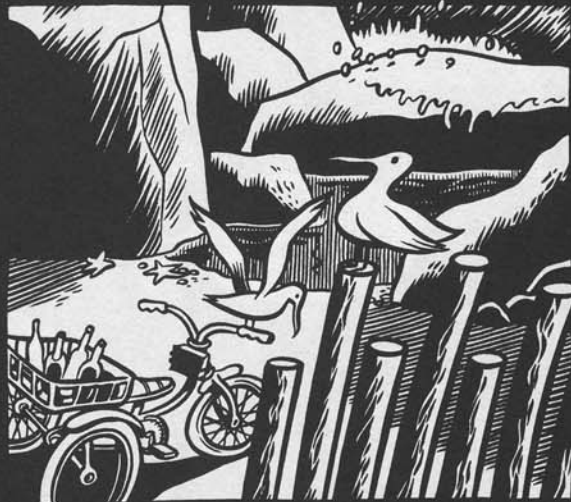


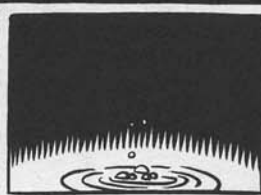
I'd watch the Lapping waves,

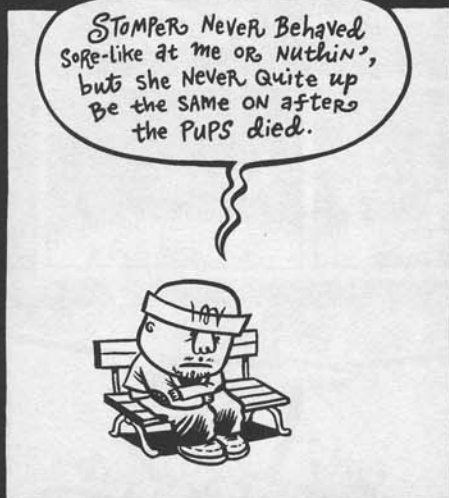
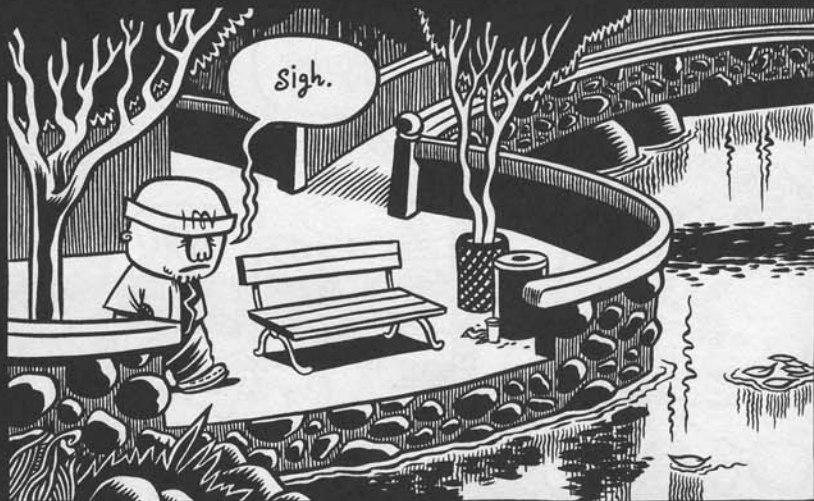
You know how
the tide rushes in
and seethes out like
a giant breathing.



That's
when I knew
I'd found a
life-long
friend.









and
then,

There be No Stomper.



But I knew it weren't the waves
what snuffed stompers,



It Be Her Fractured Heart.

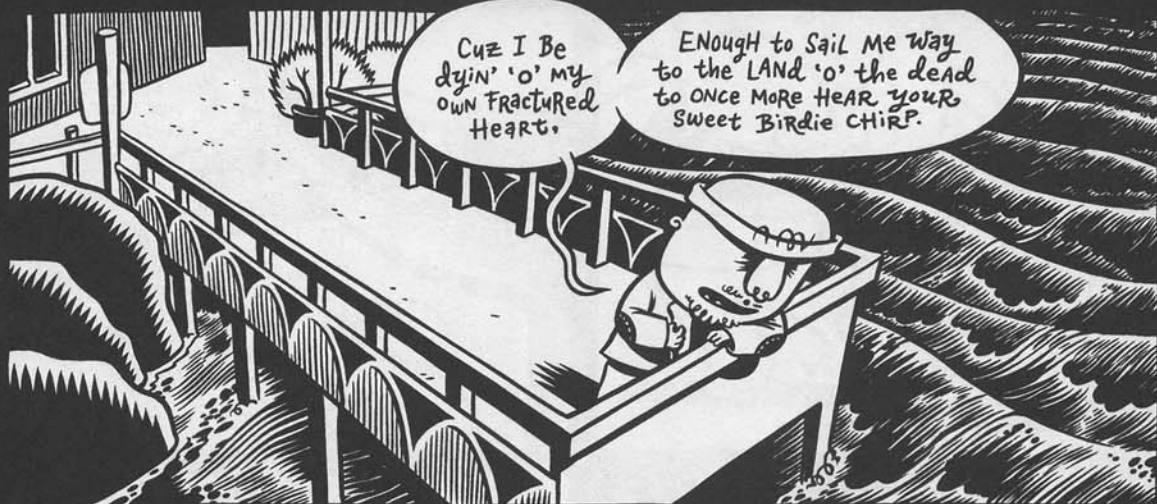


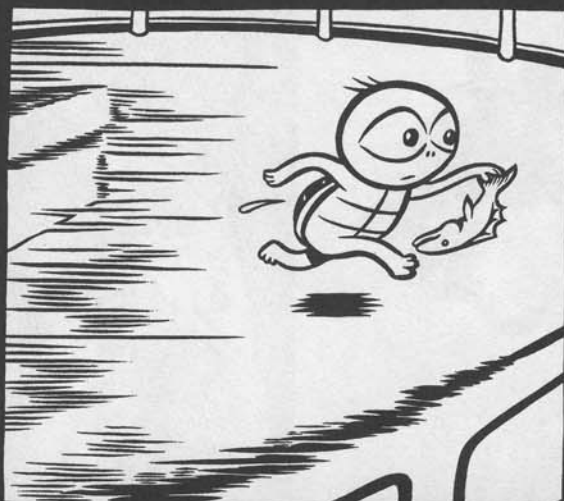
Was my beFRIENDness
inadequate, Merle?

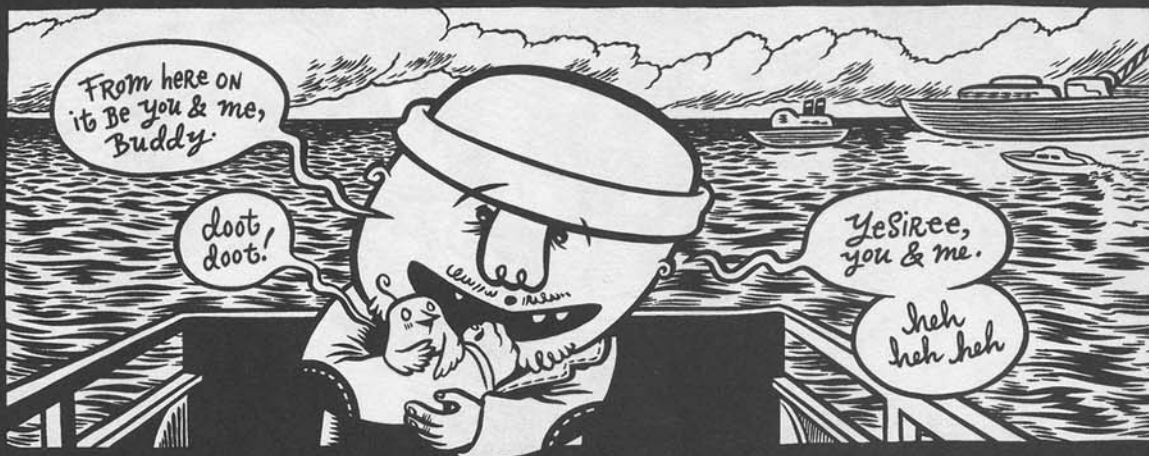


Could we AGAIN-Like
Find space to up
and be PALS?










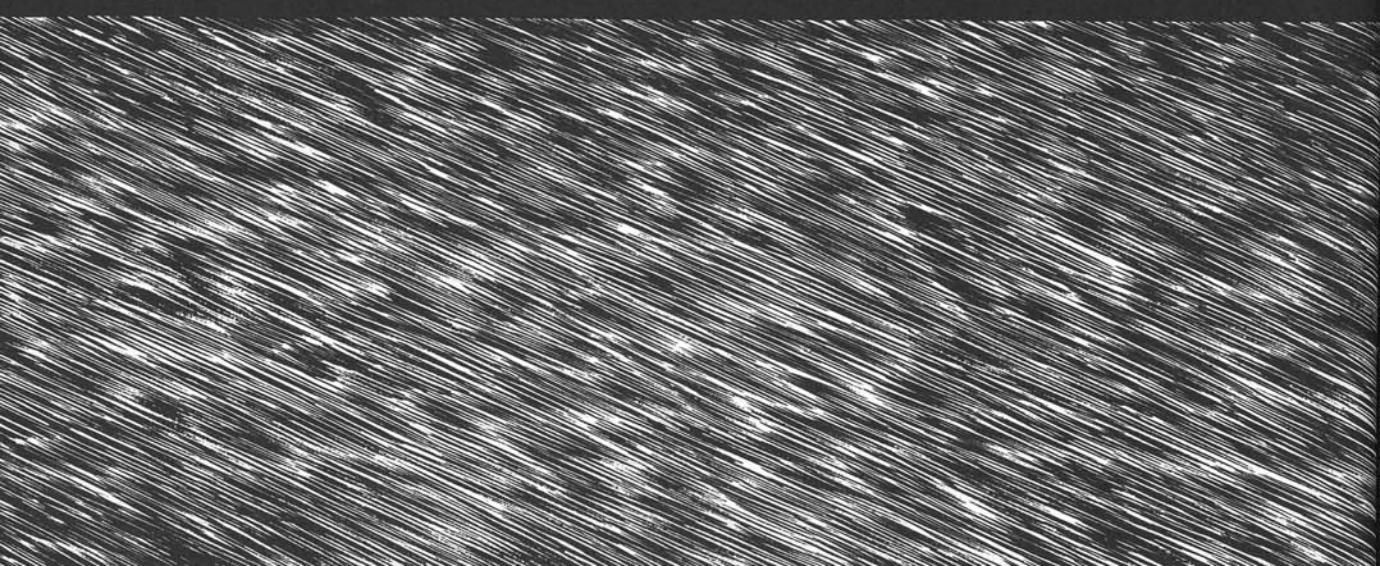
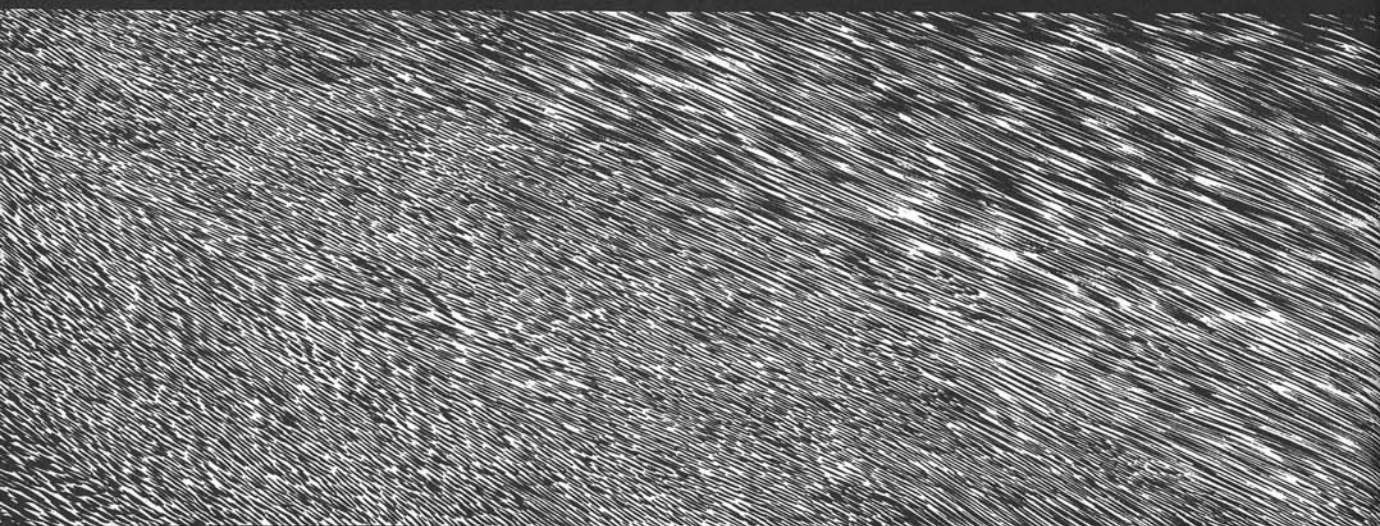


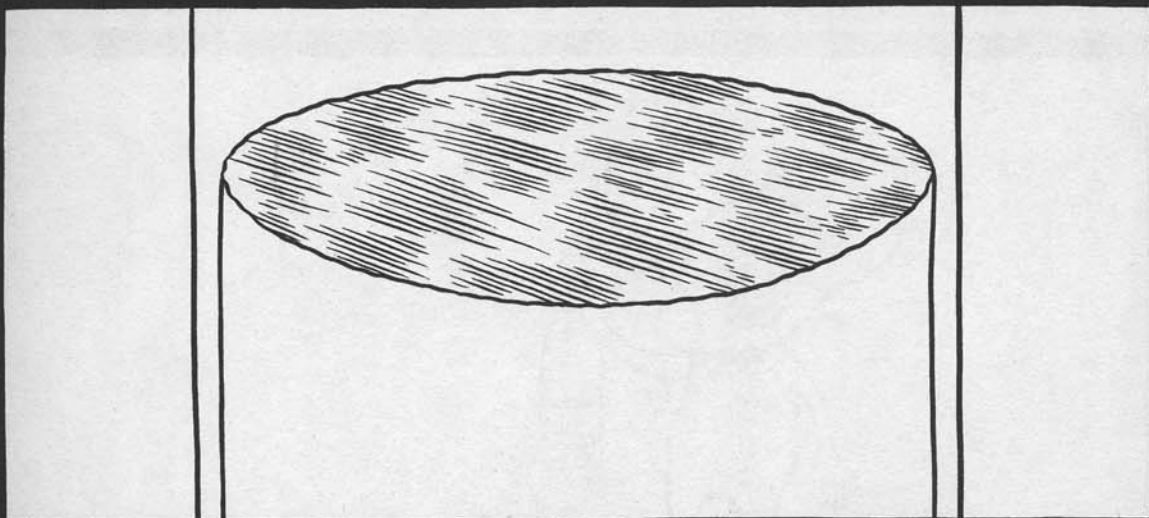
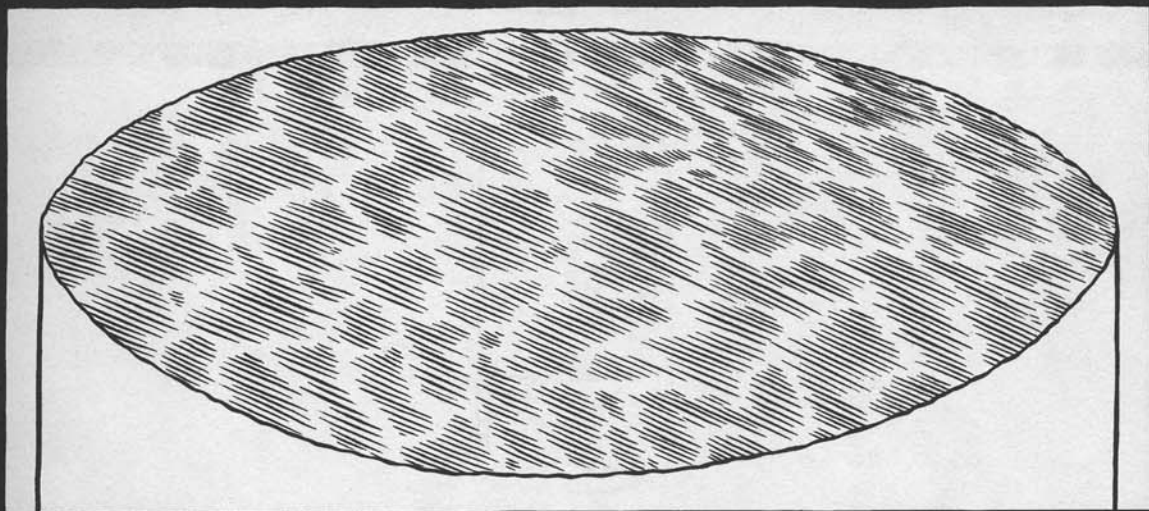
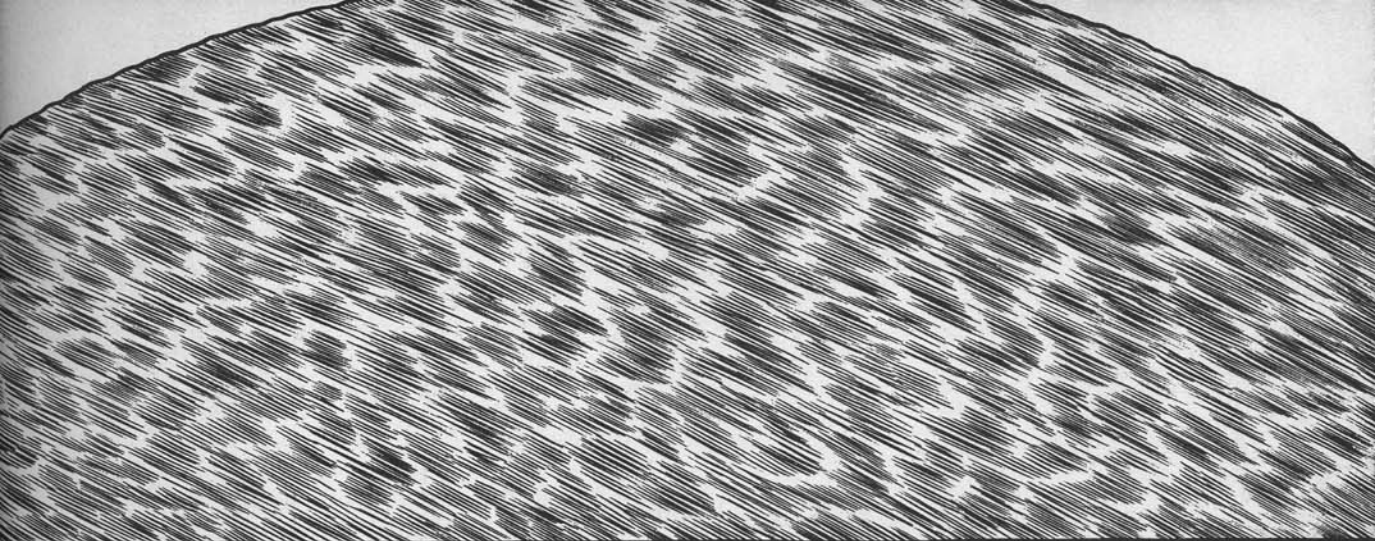


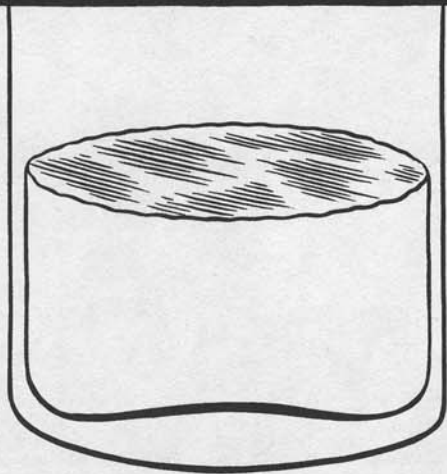


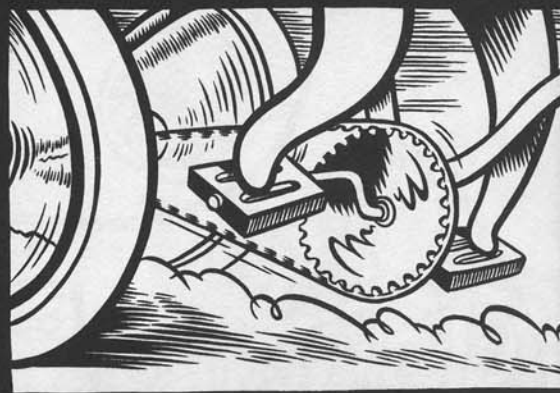
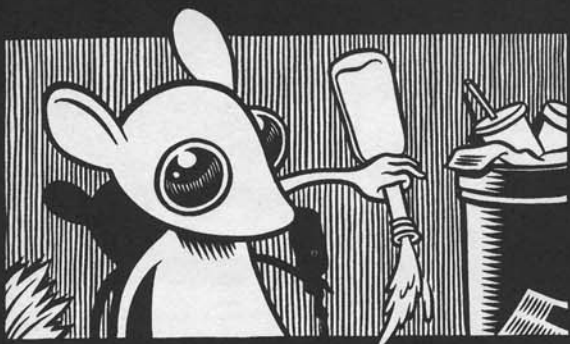
I Love the Sea
Because it is
BOUNDLESS.

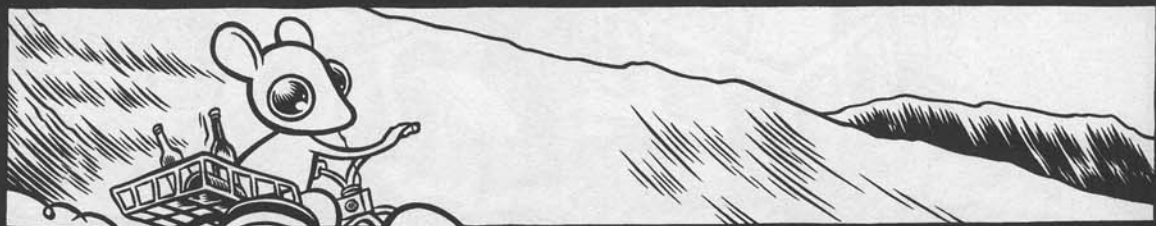
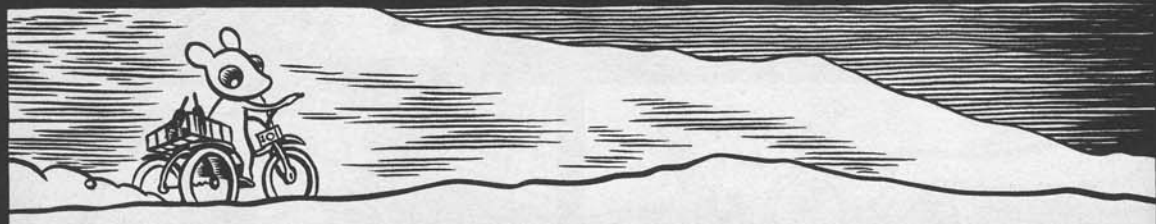
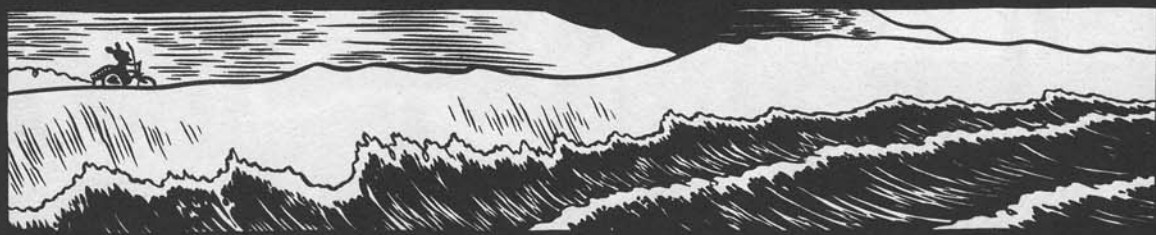












There is NO
Good Bye,
CHUNKY RICE.

CLUNK

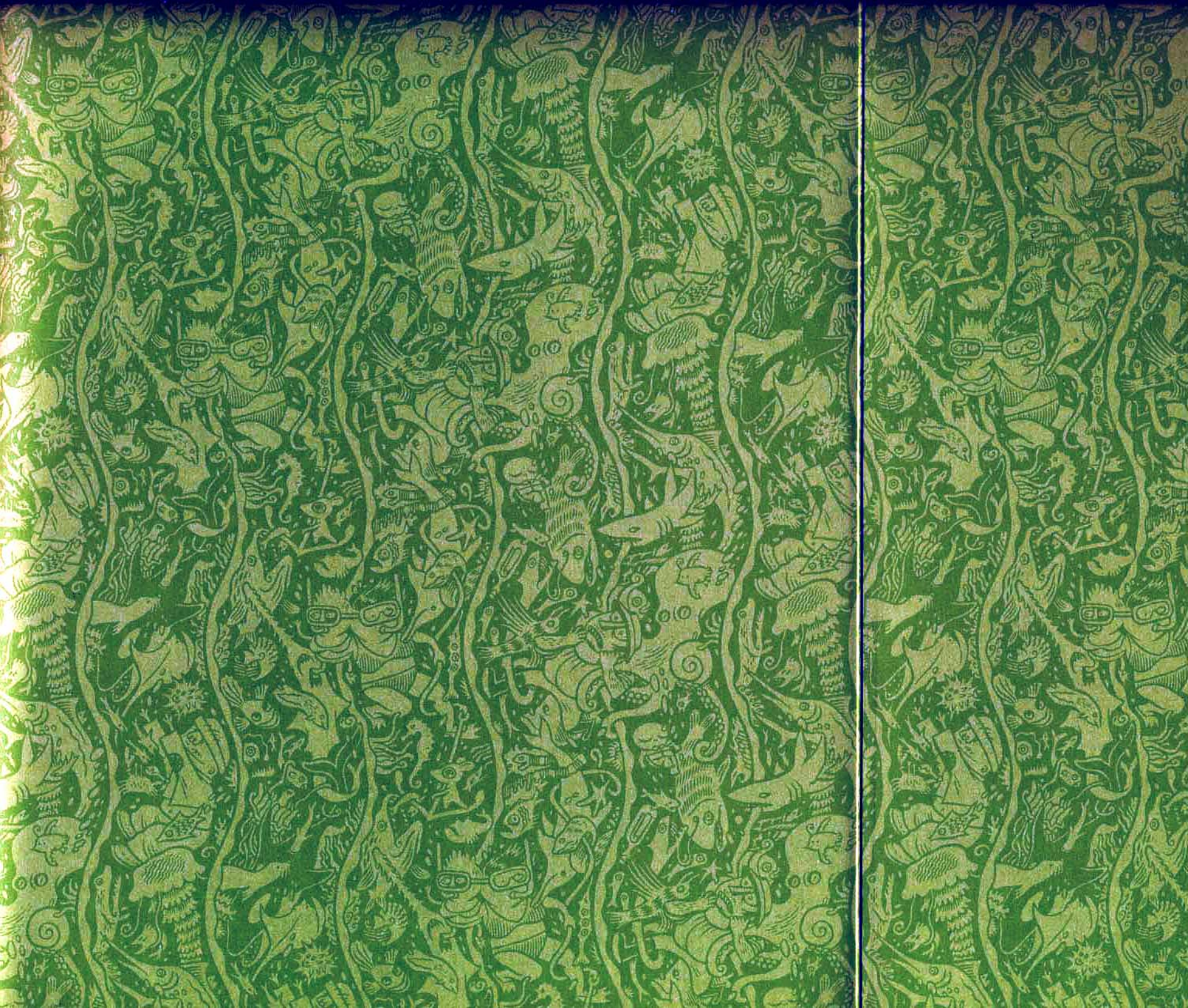


This Book is for all the letters I owe to...
AARON, ALYSSA, ALYSSON, CHARLIE, CHRISTINA,
DALLAS, DARCY, DAVID, GENADY, GEORGE, GREGORY,
HARVEY, JAMES, JEFF, JEREMY, JESSICA, JILL, KALYSTA,
KATIE, KEVIN, KRISTEN, KURT, MARSHA, MATT C.,
MATT K. (1976-1998), MELISSA B., MELISSA D.,
MIKE, MONICA, OMAR, PEGI, PHIL, SARAH, SCOTT,
SEAN, SHARON, STU, TIMMY, TIMOTHY, TODD,
VERONICA & LAKE MICHIGAN. (Milwaukee, WI)
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and Alan Moore for Boundless
support during this Book's
completion.



CRAIG THOMPSON
WAS BORN IN MICHIGAN
IN 1975 AND GREW UP
IN AN ISOLATED FARMING
COMMUNITY IN CENTRAL
WISCONSIN. THIS, HIS FIRST
FULL-LENGTH GRAPHIC NOVEL,
WAS DRAWN WHILE
LIVING IN PORTLAND, OR.





Memorable, Poignant,
Sweet, and Funny, this
Book is a completely
unexpected Joy, and
a hit with Readers of
all ages."

**SCHOOL
LIBRARY
JOURNAL**

doot doot

"Thompson has crafted
an enduring fable in words
and pictures--an alternative-
comics answer to Saint Exupéry's
THE LITTLE PRINCE--that will charm
anyone separated from a dear and
loving friend." - **PUBLISHER'S WEEKLY**

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is the comic debut of the year;
every one of its 120 pages is
beautifully composed, sparkling
with invention and life."

-SPIN

"Both funny and genuinely touching in turn,
Craig Thompson's **GOOD-BYE, CHUNKY RICE** is
an affecting meditation upon friendship, loneliness
and loss, all delivered with a real feel for the
musicality of the comic strip form. This work
sings and dances, and you could do a lot
worse than to sing and dance along with it.
Highly recommended."

- **ALAN MOORE**, creator of
FROM HELL, **WATCHMEN**,
V FOR VENDETTA



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Scanner's Notes:

*****TURN OFF YELLOW REDUCTION IN CDISPLAY*****

Had some problems with ghosting on this one, which could be due to the paper the graphic novel was printed on. The first third of the book was workable, but the binding started to give towards the middle, so I had to do what I could in Photoshop without making it too light.

Also note that the original was far from true black, and I tried to stay true to that in the scan, as the lighter black softens the image just a bit, which keeps with the tone of the story better than ultra-high contrast B/W. Run-on run-on run-on...

-Blackbeard